

Selections From English Prose

SELECTIONS FROM ENGLISH PROSE

FOR
(STUDENTS OF COMMERCE)

Edited by

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PREFACE

This book has been compiled to form a part of the course in English for students studying for the Commerce degrees of our universities.

In making the selections care has been taken to bring the contents of the book into strict conformity with the suggestions made by the University of Rajputana. It includes all the types laid down in the syllabus—essays, both of a literary character and on subjects relating to Economics and Commerce, one-act plays, pieces from inspiring biographies, discussions of scientific topics, and a number of pieces intended to serve as material for precis writing.

The literary essay has been represented by essayists who are acknowledged masters of the form, Addison, Goldsmith and Lamb. Two modern essayists, A. G. Gardiner and H. Belloc have been included so that students may become acquainted with the distinctive style of modern English prose. Selections from the writings of Sir Arthur Helps, Ruskin, and Mahatma Gandhi stress ethical values for those engaged in Commerce and Industry. G. D. H. Cole's essay in a substantial manner, deals with modern economic thought. The "Economic Background of India", from the writings of Pandit Nehru will dispel the mistaken notion that our country has always been lacking in economic and industrial development. That pleasant form, the one-act play has also been included. Two easy and entertaining one-act plays—The Bishop's Candlesticks and the Princess and the Woodcutter—have been chosen. The Science section comprises of pieces from the writings of two distinguished scientists—Huxley and Raman. To make the book interesting to Indian students, selections have been

made from Gandhi, Nehru and Raman. It is hoped that the life of Man Sinha would be of special interest to the young men and women of Rajasthan.

The aim of the compiler has been to avoid difficult pieces and to choose those written in a simple, easy and graceful style.

R. P. C.

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JOSEPH ADDISON

(1672-1719)

The Adventures of a Shilling

I was last night visited by a friend of mine, who has an inexhaustible fund of discourse, and never fails to entertain his company with a variety of thoughts and hints that are altogether new and uncommon. Whether it were in complaisance to my way of living or his real opinion, he advanced the following paradox: "That it required much greater talents to fill up, and become a retired life, than a life of business." Upon this occasion he rallied very agreeably the busy men of the age, who only valued themselves for being in motion and passing through a series of trifling and insignificant actions. In the heat of his discourse, seeing a piece of money lying on my table, "I defy," says he, "any of these active persons to produce half the adventures that this twelve penny piece has been engaged in, were it possible for him to give us an account of his life."

My friend's talk made so odd an impression upon my mind, that soon after I was a-bed I fell insensibly into a most unaccountable reverie, that had neither moral nor design in it, and cannot be so properly called a dream as a delirium.

Methought that the shilling that lay upon that table reared itself upon its edge, and turning the face towards me, opened its mouth, and in a soft silver sound, gave me the following account of his life and adventures:

"I was born (says he) on the side of a mountain near a little village of Peru, and made a voyage to England in an ingot, under the convoy of Sir Francis Drake. I was, soon after my arrival, taken out of my Indian habit, refined, naturalised, and put into the British mode, with the face of Queen Elizabeth on one side and the arms of the country on the other. Being thus

equipped, I found in me a wonderful inclination to ramble, and visit all parts of the new world into which I was brought. The people very much favoured my natural disposition, and shifted me so fast from hand to hand, that before I was five years old, I had travelled into almost every corner of the nation. But in the beginning of my sixth year, to my unspeakable grief, I fell into the hands of a miserable old fellow, who clapped me into an iron chest, where I found five hundred more of my own quality who lay under the same confinement. The only relief we had was to be taken out and counted over in the fresh air every morning and evening. After an imprisonment of several years, we heard somebody knocking at our chest, and breaking it open with a hammer. This we found was the old man's heir, who, as his father lay a-dying, was so good as to come to our release: he separated us that very day. What was the fate of my companions I know not; as for myself, I was sent to the apothecary's shop for a pint of sack. The apothecary gave me to an herb-woman, the herb-woman to a butcher, the butcher to a brewer, and the brewer to his wife, who made a present of me to a nonconformist preacher. After this manner I made my way merrily through the world for, as I told you before, we shillings love nothing so much as travelling. I sometimes fetched in a shoulder of mutton, sometimes a play-book, and often had the satisfaction to treat a Templar at a twelvepenny ordinary, or carry him, with three friends, to Westminster Hall.

"In the midst of this pleasant progress which I made from place to place, I was arrested by a superstitious old woman, who shut me up in a greasy purse, in pursuance of a foolish saying, 'That while she kept a Queen Elizabeth's shilling about her, she should never be without money.' I continued here a close prisoner for many months, till at last I was exchanged for eight and forty farthings.

"I thus rambled from pocket to pocket till the beginning

of the civil wars, when, to my shame be it spoken, I was employed in raising soldiers against the king; for being of a very tempting breadth, a sergeant made use of me to inveigle country fellows, and list them in the service of the parliament.

"After many adventures, which it would be tedious to relate, I was sent to a young spend-thrift, in company with the will of his deceased father. The young fellow, who I found was very extravagant, gave great demonstrations of joy at the receiving of the will; but opening it, he found himself disinherited and cut off from the possession of a fair estate, by virtue of my being made a present to him. This put him into such a passion, that after having taken me in his hand, and cursed me, he squirred me away from him as far as he could fling me. I chanced to light in an unfrequented place under a dead wall, where I lay undiscovered and useless, during the usurpation of Oliver Cromwell. *Let. 1. 1649 - 1650*

"About a year after the king's return, a poor cavalier that was walking there about dinner-time, fortunately cast his eye upon me, and, to the great joy of us both, carried me to a cook's shop, where he dined upon me, and drank the king's health. When I came again into the world, I found that I had been happier in my retirement than I thought, having probably, by that means, escaped wearing a monstrous pair of breeches.

"Being now of great credit and antiquity, I was rather looked upon as a medal than an ordinary coin; for which reason a gamester laid hold of me, and converted me to a counter having got together some dozens of us for that use. We led a melancholy life in his possession, being busy at those hours wherein current coin is at rest, and partaking the fate of our master, being in a few moments valued at a crown, a pound or sixpence, according to the situation in which the fortune of the cards placed us. I had at length the good luck to see my master break, by which means I was again sent abroad under my primitive denomination of a shilling.

"I shall pass over many other accidents of less moment, and hasten to that fatal catastrophe, when I fell into the hands of an artist, who conveyed me under ground, and with an unmerciful pair of shears, cut off my titles, clipped my brims, retrenched my shape, rubbed me to my inmost ring and, in short, so spoiled and pillaged me, that he did not leave me worth a groat. You may think what a confusion I was in, to see myself thus curtailed and disfigured. I should have been ashamed to have shown my head, had not all my old acquaintance been reduced to the same shameful figure, excepting some few that were punched through the belly. In the midst of this general calamity, when everybody thought our misfortune irretrievable, and our case desperate, we were thrown into the furnace together, and (as it often happens with the cities rising out of a fire) appeared with greater beauty and lustre than we could ever boast of before. What has happened to me since this change of sex which you now see, I shall take some other opportunity to relate. In the meantime, I shall only repeat two adventures, as being very extraordinary, and neither of them having ever happened to me above once in my life. The first was, my being in a poet's pocket, who was so taken with the brightness and novelty of my appearance, that it gave occasion to the finest burlesque poem in the British language, entitled from me, 'The Splendid Shilling.' The second adventure, which I must not omit, happened to me in the year 1703, when I was given away in charity to a blind man; but indeed this was by a mistake, the person who gave me having heedlessly thrown me into the hat among a pennyworth of farthings."

OLIVER GOLDSMITH
(1728 - 1774)

Doctors

Whatever may be the merits of the English in other sciences, they seem particularly excellent in the art of healing. There is scarcely a disorder incident to humanity, against which they are not possessed with a most infallible¹ antidote. || The professors of other arts confess the inevitable² intricacy³ of things, talk with doubt, and decide with hesitation: but, doubting is entirely unknown in medicine; the advertising professors here delight in cases of difficulty. || Be the disorder never so desperate or radical, you will find numbers in every street, who, by levelling a pill⁴ at the part affected, promise a certain cure, without loss of time, knowledge of a bedfellow, ^{or} hindrance of business.

When I consider the ^{unwearied} assiduity of this profession, their benevolence amazes me. They not only in general ^{emphatically} give their medicines for half value, but use the most persuasive ^{prudent} remonstrances to induce the sick to come and be cured. Sure, there must be something strangely obstinate in an English patient who refuses so much health upon such easy terms. Does he take a pride in being bloated with a dropsy? Does he find pleasure in the alternations of an intermittent fever? or feel as much satisfaction in nursing up his gout, as he found pleasure in acquiring it? He must, otherwise he would not reject such repeated assurances of instant relief. What can be more convincing than the manner in which the sick are invited to be well? The doctor first begs the most earnest attention of the public to what he is going to propose: he solemnly affirms the pill was never found to want success; he produces a list of

those who have been rescued from the grave by taking it : yet notwithstanding all this, there are many here who now and then think proper to be sick. Only sick ? did I say ? There are some who even think proper to die ! Yes, by the head of Confucius ! they die ; though they might have purchased the health restoring specific for half-a-crown at every corner. *efficacious medicine*

I am amazed, my dear Fum Hoam, that these doctors, who know what an *obstinate set* of people they have to deal with, have never thought of attempting to *revive the dead*. When the living are found to reject their prescriptions, they ought in conscience to apply to the dead, from whom they can expect no such mortifying repulses : they would find in the dead the most complying patients imaginable ; and what gratitude might they not expect from the patient's son, now no longer an heir, and his wife, now no longer a widow ! *acquiescence*

Think not, my friend, that there is anything chimerical in such an attempt ; they already perform cures equally strange. What can be more truly astonishing, than to see old age restored to youth, and vigour to the most feeble constitutions. *physical force, every intellect reduced to nature's equilibrium* Yes, this is performed here every day : a simple electuary effects these wonders, even without the bungling ceremonies of having the patient boiled up in a kettle, or ground down in a mill. *imaginary, fanciful*

Few physicians here go through the ordinary courses of education, but receive all their knowledge of medicine by immediate inspiration from Heaven. Some are thus inspired even in the womb ; and, what is very remarkable, understand their profession as well at three years old, as at three score. Other have spent a great part of their lives unconscious of any later excellence, till a bankruptcy, or residence, in gaol, have called their miraculous powers into exertion. *wonderful, marvellous, inspired efforts* And others still they are indebted to their superlative ignorance alone for success the more ignorant the practitioner, the less capable is the thought of deceiving. The people here judge as they do in the East where it is thought absolutely requisite that a man should b

an idiot, before he pretend to be either a conjurer or a doctor.

^{to puzzle} When a physician by inspiration is sent for, he never perplexes the patient by previous examination; he asks very few questions, and those only for form sake. He knows every disorder by intuition; he administers the pill or drop for every distemper; nor is ^{he is more} ^{addicted to a quack cure} more inquisitive than the farrier while he drenches a horse. If the patient lives, then has he one more to add to the surviving list; if he dies, then it may be justly said of the patient's disorder, that, as it was not cured, the disorder was incurable.

CHARLES LAMB

(1775-1834)

Mackery End, In Hertfordshire

Bridget Elia has been my house-keeper for many a long year. I have obligations to Bridget, extending beyond the period of memory. We house together, old bachelor and maid in a sort of double singleness; with such tolerable comfort upon the whole, that I, for one, find in myself no sort of disposition, to go out upon the mountains, with the rash king's offspring, to bewail my celibacy. We agree pretty well in our tastes and habits—yet so, as 'with a difference.' We are generally in harmony, with occasional bickerings—as it should be among near relations. Our sympathies are rather understood than expressed; and once, upon my dissembling a tone in my voice more kind than ordinary, my cousin burst into tears, and complained that I was altered. We are both great readers in different directions. While I am hanging over (for the thousandth time) some passage in old Burton, or one of his strange contemporaries, she is abstracted in some modern tale of adventure, whereof our common reading-table is daily fed with assiduously fresh supplies. Narrative teases me. I have little concern with the progress of events. She must have a story—well, ill, or indifferently told—so there be life stirring in it, and plenty of good or evil accidents. The fluctuations of fortune in fiction—and almost in real life—have ceased to interest or operate but dully upon me. Out-of-the-way humours and opinions—heads with some diverting twist in them—the oddities of authorship, please me most. My cousin has a native disrelish of anything that sounds odd or bizarre. Nothing goes down

with her that is quaint, irregular, or out of the road of common sympathy. She 'holds Nature more clever.' I can pardon her blindness to the beautiful obliquities of the Religio Medici, but she must apologise to me for certain disrespectful insinuations, which she has been pleased to throw out latterly, touching the intellectuals of a dear favourite of mine, and of the last century but one—the thrice noble, chaste, and virtuous, but again somewhat fantastical and original brained, generous Margaret Newcastle. (11th vol. - 11th p.)

It has been the lot of my cousin, oftener perhaps than I could have wished, to have had for her associates and mine, free-thinkers—leaders and disciples, of novel philosophies and systems; but she neither wrangles with, nor accepts, their opinions. That which was good and venerable to her, when a child, retains its authority over her mind still. She never juggles nor plays tricks with her understanding. *disputes, and tries to know* *worldly & venerable* *never*

We are both of us inclined to be a little too positive; and I have observed the result of our disputes to be almost uniformly, this—that in matters of fact, dates and circumstances, it turns out that I was in the right, and my cousin in the wrong. But where we have differed upon moral points, upon something proper to be done, or let alone; whatever heat of opposition or steadiness of conviction, I set out with, I am sure always, in the long run, to be brought over to her way of thinking.

I must touch upon the foibles of my kinswoman with a gentle hand, for Bridget does not like to be told of her faults. She hath an awkward trick (to say no worse of it) of reading in company: at which times she will answer *yes* or *no* to a question, without fully understanding its purport—which is *provoking* and *derogatory* in the highest degree to the dignity of the *putter* of the said question. Her presence of mind is equal to the most pressing trials of life, but will sometimes desert her upon trifling occasions. When the purpose requires it, and is a thing of moment, she can speak to it greatly; but in matters which are

pardonable perhaps than decorous at the age of fifty odd. But Bridget in some things is behind her years.

The only thing left was to get into the house—and that was a difficulty which to me singly would have been insurmountable ; for I am terribly shy in making myself known to strangers and out-of-date kinsfolk. Love, stronger than scruple, winged my cousin in without me ; but she soon returned with a creature that might have sat to a sculptor for the image of Welcome. It was the youngest of the Gladmans ; who, by marriage with a Bruton, had become mistress of the old mansion. A comely brood are the Brutons. Six of them, females, were noted as the handsomest young women in the country. But this adopted Bruton, in my mind, was better than they all—more comely. She was born too late to have remembered me. She just recollected in early life to have had her cousin Bridget once pointed out to her, climbing ^{one or more steps placed on either side of a} a stile. But the name of kindred and of cousinship was enough. Those slender ties, that prove slight as gossamer in the rending atmosphere of a metropolis, bind faster, as we found it, in hearty, homely, loving Hertfordshire. In five minutes we were as thoroughly acquainted as if we had been born and bred up together ; were familiar, even to the calling each other by our Christian names. So Christians should call one another. To have seen Bridget and her—it was like the meeting of the two scriptural cousins ! There was a grace and dignity, an amplitude of form and stature, answering to her mind, in this farmer's wife, which would have shined in a palace—or so we thought it. We were made welcome by husband and wife equally—we, and our friend that was with us—I had almost forgotten him—but B. F. will not soon forge that meeting, if per-adventure he shall read this on the far distant shores where the Kangaroo haunts. The fatted calf was made ready, or rather was ready so, as if in anticipation of our coming ; and after an appropriate glass of native wine, never let me forget with what honest pride this hospitable cousin made

us proceed to Wheathampstead, to introduce us (as some new-found rarity) to her mother and sister Gladmans, who did indeed know something more of us, at a time where she almost knew nothing.—With what corresponding kindness we were received by them also—how Bridget's memory, exalted by the occasion, warmed into a thousand half-obliterated recollections of things and persons, to my utter astonishment and her own—and to the astoundment of B.F. who sat by, almost the only thing that was not a cousin there,—old effaced images of more than half-forgotten names and circumstances still crowding back upon her, as words written in lemon come out upon exposure to a friendly warmth,—when I forget all this, then may my country cousins forget me ; and Bridget no more remember, that in the days of weakling infancy I was her tender charge—as I have been her care in foolish manhood since—in those pretty pastoral walks, long ago, about Mackery End, in Hertfordshire.

A. G. GARDINER

On Courage

I was asked the other day to send to a new magazine a statement as to the event of the war which had made the deepest impression on me. Without hesitation I selected the remarkable Christmas demonstrations in Flanders. ^{Here to Belgium} Here were men who for weeks and months past had been engaged in the task of stalking each other and killing each other, and suddenly under the influence of a common memory, they repudiate the whole gospel of war and declare the gospel of brotherhood. Next day, they began killing each other again as the obedient instruments of governments they do not control and of motives they do not understand. But the fact remains. It is a beam of light in the darkness, rich in meaning and hope.

But if I were asked to name the instance of individual action which had most impressed me, I should find the task more difficult. Should I select something that shows how war depraves, or something that shows how it ennobles? If the latter I think I would choose that beautiful incident of the sailor on the *Formidable*.

He had won by ballot a place in one of the boats. The ship was going down, but he was to be saved. One pictures the scene: The boat is waiting to take him to the shore and safety. He looks at the old comrades who have lost in the ballot and who stand there doomed to death. He feels the passion for life surging within him. He sees the cold, dark sea waiting to engulf its victim. And in that great moment—the greatest moment that can come to any man—he makes the

triumphant choice. He turns to one of his comrades. "You have got parents," he says. "I haven't." And with that word—so heroic in its simplicity—he makes the other take his place in the boat and signs his own death warrant.

I see him on the deck among his doomed fellows, watching the disappearing boat until the final plunge comes and all is over. The sea never took a braver man to its bosom. "Greater love hath no man than this....."

Can you read that story without some tumult within you—without feeling that humanity itself is ennobled by this great act and that you are, in some mysterious way, better for the deed? That is the splendid fruit of all such sublime sacrifice. It enriches the whole human family. It makes us lift our heads with pride that we are men—that there is in us at our best this noble gift of valiant unselfishness, this glorious prodigality that spends life itself for something greater than life. If we had met this nameless sailor we should have found him perhaps a very ordinary man, with plenty of failings, doubtless, like the rest of us, and without any idea that he had in him the priceless jewel beside which crown and coronets are empty baubles. He was something greater than he knew.

How many of us could pass such a test? What should I do? What would you do? We neither of us know, for we are as great a mystery to ourselves as we are to our neighbours. Bob Acres said he found that "a man may have a deal of valour in him without knowing it," and it is equally true that a man may be more chicken-hearted than he himself suspects. Only the occasion discovers of what stuff we are made—whether we are heroes or cowards, saints or sinners. A blustering manner will not reveal the one any more than a long face will reveal the other.

The merit of this sailor's heroism was that it was done with calculation—in cold blood, as it were, with that "two-o'clock-in-the-morning courage," of which Napoleon spoke as the

real thing. Many of us could do brave things in not blood, with a sudden rush of the spirit, who would fail if we had time; as this man had, to pause and think, to reckon, to doubt, to grow cold and selfish. The merit of his deed is that it was an act of physical courage based on the higher quality of moral courage.

Nor because a man fails in the great moment is he necessarily a coward. Mark Twain was once talking to a friend of mine on the subject of courage in men, and spoke of a man whose name is associated with a book that has become a classic. "I knew him well," he said, "and I knew him as a brave man. Yet he once did the most cowardly thing I have ever heard of any man. He was in a shipwreck, and as the ship was going down he snatched a lifebelt from a woman passenger and put it on himself. He was saved, and she was drowned. And in spite of that frightful act I think he was not a coward. I knew there was not a day of his life afterwards when he would not willingly and in cold blood have given his life to recall that shameful act."

In this case the failure was not in moral courage, but in physical courage. He was demoralised by the peril, and the physical coward came uppermost. If he had time to recover his moral balance he would have died an honourable death. It is no uncommon thing for a man to have in him the elements both of the hero and the coward. You remember that delightful remark of Mrs. Disraeli, one of the most characteristic of the many quaint sayings attributed to that strange woman. "Dizzy", she said, "has wonderful moral courage, but no physical courage. I always save to pull the string of his shower bath."—It is a capital illustration of that conflict of the coward and the brave man that takes place in most of us. Dizzy's moral courage carried him to the bath, but there his physical courage failed him. He could not pull the string that administered the cold shock. The bath-room is rich in such secrets, and life teems with them.

The true hero is he who unites the two qualities. The physical element is the more plentiful for one man who will count the cost of sacrifice and, having counted it, pay the price with unfaltering heart, there are many who will answer the sudden call to meet peril with swift defiance. The courage that snatches a comrade from under the guns of the enemy or a child from the flames is, happily, not uncommon. It is inspired by an impulse that takes men out of themselves and by a certain spirit of challenge to fate that everyone with a sporting instinct loves to take. But the act of the sailor of the *Formidable* was a much bigger thing. Here was no thrill of gallantry and no sporting risk. He dealt in cold certainties : the boat and safety ; the ship and death ; his life or the other's. And he thought of his comrade's old parents at home and chose death.

It was a great end. I wonder whether you or I would be capable of it. I would give much to feel that I could answer in the affirmative—that I could take my stand on the spiritual plane of that unknown sailor.

HILLAIRE BELLOC

On the Pleasure of taking up one's Pen

Among the sadder and smaller pleasures of this world I count this pleasure, the pleasure of taking up one's pen.

It has been said by very many people that there is a tangible pleasure in the mere act of writing: in choosing and arranging words. It has been denied by many. It is affirmed and denied in the life of Doctor Johnson, and for my part I would say that it is very true in some rare moods and wholly false in most others. However, of writing and the pleasure in it I am not writing here (with pleasure), but of the pleasure of taking up one's pen, which is quite another matter.

Note what the action means. You are alone. Even if the room is crowded (as was the smoking room in the G. W. R. Hotel, at Paddington, only the other day, when I wrote my "Statistical Abstract of Christendom"), even if the room is crowded, you must have made yourself alone to be able to write at all. You must have built up some kind of wall and isolated your mind. You are alone, then; and that is the beginning.

If you consider at what pains men are to be alone: how they climb mountains, enter prisons, profess monastic vows, put on eccentric daily habits, and seclude themselves in the garrets of a great town, you will see this moment of taking up the pen is not least happy in the fact that then, by a mere association of ideas, the writer is alone.

So much for that. Now not only are you alone, but you are going to "create."

When people say "create" they flatter themselves. No man can create anything. I knew a man once who drew a horse on a bit of paper to amuse the company and covered it all over with many parallel streaks as he drew. When he had done this, an aged priest (present upon that occasion) said, "You are pleased to draw a zebra." When the priest said this the man began to curse and to swear, and to protest that he had never seen or heard of a zebra. He said it was all done out of his own head, and he called heaven to witness, and his patron saint.....But there! He persuaded no one, and the priest scored.

All this, then, is a digression, and it must be admitted that there is no such thing as a man's "creating." But anyhow, when you take up your pen you do something devilish pleasing: there is a prospect before you. \You are going to develop a germ: I don't know what it is, and I promise you I won't call it creation—but possibly a god is creating through you, and at least you are making believe at creation. \Anyhow, it is a sense of mastery and of origin, and you know that when you have done, something will be added to the world, and little destroyed. For what will you have destroyed or wasted? A certain amount of white paper at a farthing a square yard (and I am not certain it is not pleasanter, all diversified and variegated with black wriggles)—a certain amount of ink meant to be spread and dried: made for no other purpose. A certain infinitesimal amount of quill—^{hatched, killed} torn from the silly goose for no purpose whatsoever but to minister to the high needs of Man.

Here you cry "Affectation!" Affectation! How do I know that the fellow writes with a quill? A most unlikely habit!" To that I answer you are right. Less assertion, please, and more humility. I will tell you, frankly with what I am writing. I am writing with a Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen. The nib is of pure gold, as was the throne of Charlemagne, in the "Song of Roland." That throne (I need hardly tell you)

was borne into Spain across the cold and awful passes of the Pyrenees by no less than a hundred and twenty mules, and all the western world adored it, and trembled before it when it was set up it every halt under pine trees, on the upland grasses. For he sat upon it, dreadful and commanding : there weighed upon him two centuries of age ; his brows were level with justice and experience, and his beard was so tangled and full that he was called "bramble-bearded Charlemagne." You have read how, when he stretched out his hand at evening, the sun stood still till he had found the body of Roland ? No ? You must read about these things.

Well, then, the pen is of pure gold, a pen that runs straight away like a willing horse, or a jolly little ship ; indeed, it is a pen so excellent that it reminds me of my subject ; the pleasure of taking up one's pen.

God bless you, pen ! When I was a boy, and they told me work was honourable, useful, cleanly, sanitary, wholesome, and necessary to the mind of man, I paid no attention to them than if they had told me that public men were usually honest, or that pigs could fly. It seemed to me that they were merely saying silly things they had been told to say. Nor do I doubt to this day that those who told me these things at school were but preaching a dull and careless round. But now I know that the things they told me were true. God bless you, pen of work, pen of drudgery, pen of letters, pen of ~~posings~~ ^{poetical problems}, pen rabid, pen ridiculous, pen glorified. Pray, little pen, be worthy the love I bear you, and consider how noble I shall make you some day, when you shall live in a glass case with a crowd of tourists round you everyday from ten to four ; pen of justice, ... pen of majesty and of light. I will write with you some day a considerable poem ; it is a compact between you and me. If I cannot make one of my own, then I will write out some other man's ; but you, pen, come what may, shall write out a good poem before you die, if it is only the *Allegro*.

The pleasure of taking up one's pen has also this, peculiar among all pleasures, that you have the freedom to lay it down when you will. Not so with love. Not so with victory. Not so with glory.

Had I begun the other way round, I would have called this Work "The Pleasure of laying down one's Pen." But I began it where I began it, and I am going to end it just where it is going to end.

What other occupation, ~~avocation~~, ~~dissertation~~, or intellectual recreation can you cease at will? Not bridge—you go on playing to win. Not public speaking—they ring a bell. Not mere converse—you have to answer everything the other insufficient person says. Not life, for it is wrong to kill oneself; and as for the natural end of living that does not come by one's choice; on the contrary, it is the most capricious of all accidents.

But the pen you lay down when you will. At any moment, without remorse, without anxiety, without dishonour, you are free to do this dignified and final thing (I am just going to do it).....You lay it down.

SIR ARTHUR HELPS

On the Education of a Man of Business

The essential qualities for a man of business, are of a moral nature ; these are to be cultivated first. He must learn betimes to love truth. That same love of truth will be found a potent charm to bear him safely through the world's entanglements—I mean safely in the most worldly sense. Besides, the love of truth not only makes a man act with more simplicity, and therefore with less chance of error ; but it conduces to the highest intellectual development. The following passage in *The Statesman* gives the reason : “The correspondences of wisdom and goodness are manifold ; and that they will accompany each other is to be inferred, not only because men's wisdom makes them good, but also because their goodness makes them wise. Questions of right and wrong are perpetual exercise of the faculties of those who are solicitous as to the right and wrong of what they do and see ; and a deep interest of the heart in these questions carries with it a deeper cultivation of the understanding than can be easily affected by any other excitement to intellectual activity.”

What has just been said of the love of truth applies also to other moral qualities. Thus, charity enlightens the understanding quite as much as it purifies the heart. And indeed knowledge is not more gift about with power than goodness is with wisdom.

The next thing in the training of one who is to become a man of business will be for him to form principles ; for without these, when thrown on the sea of action, he will be without

rudder and compass. They are the best results of study. Whether it is history, or political economy, or ethics, that he is studying, these principles are to be the reward of his labour. A principle resembles a law in the physical world; though it can seldom have the same certainty, as the facts which it has to explain and embrace do not admit of being weighed or numbered with the same exactness as material things. The principles which our student adopts at first may be unsound, may be insufficient, but he must not neglect to form some; and must only nourish a love of truth that will not allow him to hold to any, the moment that he finds them to be erroneous.

Much depends upon the temperament of a man of business. It should be hopeful, that it may bear him up against the faint-heartedness, the folly, the falsehood, and the numberless discouragements which even a prosperous man will have to endure. It should also be calm; for else he may be driven wild by any great pressure of business, and lose his time, and his head, in rushing from one unfinished thing, to begin something else. Now this wished-for conjunction of the calm and the hopeful is very rare. It is, however, in every man's power to study well his own temperament, and to provide against the defects in it.

A habit of thinking for himself is one which may be acquired by the solitary student. But the habit of deciding for himself, so indispensable to a man of business, is not to be gained by study. Decision is a thing that cannot be fully exercised until it is actually wanted. You cannot play at deciding. You must have realities to deal with.

It is true that the formation of principles, which has been spoken of before, requires decision; but it is of that kind which depends upon deliberate judgment; whereas, the decision which is wanted in the world's business must ever be within call, and does not judge so much as it foresees and chooses. This kind of decision is to be found in those who have been thrown early on

their own resources, or who have been brought up in great freedom. *It is a general notion & unfortunately concerned with any*

It would be difficult to lay down any course of study, not technical, that would be peculiarly fitted to form a man of business. He should be brought up in the habit of reasoning closely; and to ensure this, there is hardly anything better for him than the study of geometry. *It is the study of things which comprehend each other in a way which is very beautiful & instructive.*

In any course of study to be laid down for him, something like universality should be aimed at, which not only makes the mind agile, but gives variety of information. Such a system will make him acquainted with many modes of thought, with various classes of facts, and will enable him to understand men better.

There will be a time in his youth which may, perhaps, be well spent in those studies which are of a metaphysical nature. In the investigation of some of the great questions of philosophy a breadth and a tone may be given to a man's mode of thinking, which will afterwards be of signal use to him in the business of everyday life. *His way of thinking will come to be more varied & more sound & healthy & vigorous.*

We cannot enter here into a description of the technical studies for a man of business; but I may point out that there are works which soften the transition from the schools to the world, and which are particularly needed in a system of education, like our own, consisting of studies for the most part remote from real life. These works are such as tend to give the student that interest in the common things about him which he has scarcely ever been called upon to feel. They show how imagination and philosophy can be woven into practical wisdom. Such are the writings of Bacon. His lucid order, his grasp of the subject, the comprehensiveness of his views, his knowledge of mankind—the greatest perhaps that has ever been distinctly given out by any uninspired man—the practical nature of his purposes, and his respect for anything of human interest, render Bacon's works unrivalled in their fitness to form the best men

for the conduct of the highest affairs.

It is not, however, so much the thing studied, as the manner of studying it. Our student is not intended to become a learned man, but a man of business ; not a full man, 'but ready man.'

He must be taught to arrange and express what he knows. For this purpose let him employ himself in making digests, arranging and classifying materials, writing narratives, and in deciding upon conflicting evidence. All these exercises require method. He must expect that his early attempt will be clumsy ; he begins perhaps by dividing his subject in any way that occurs to him, with no other view than that of treating separate portions of it separately ; he does not perceive, at first, what things are of one kind, and what of another and what should be the logical order of their following. But from such rude beginnings, method is developed ; and there is hardly any degree of toil for which he would not be compensated by such a result. He will have sure reward in the clearness of his own views, and in the facility of explaining them to others. People bring their attention to the man who gives them most profit for it ; and his will be one who is a master of method.

Our student should begin soon to cultivate a fluency in writing. I do not mean a flow of words, but a habit of expressing his thoughts with accuracy, with brevity, and with readiness ; which can only be acquired by practice early in life. You find persons who, from neglect in this part of their education, can express themselves briefly and accurately, but only after much care and labour. And again, you meet with others who cannot express themselves accurately, although they have method in their thoughts, and can write with readiness ; but they have not been accustomed to look at the precise meaning of words ; and such people are apt to fall into the common error of indulging in a great many words, as if it were from a sort of hope that some of them might be to purpose.

In the style of a man of business nothing is to be aimed at but plainness and precision. For instance, a close repetition of the same word for the same thing need not be avoided. The aversion to such repetitions may be carried too far in all kinds of writing. In literature, however, you are seldom brought to account for misleading people ; but in business you may soon be called upon to pay the penalty for having shunned the word which would exactly have expressed your meaning.

I cannot conclude this essay better than by endeavouring to describe what sort of person a consummate man of business should be.

He should be able to fix his attention on details, and be ready to give every kind of argument a hearing. This will not encumber him, for he must have been practised beforehand in the exercise of his intellect, and be strong in principles. One man collects materials together, and there they remain, a shapeless heap : another, possessed of method, can arrange what he has collected ; but such a man as I would describe, by the aid of principles, goes farther, and builds with his materials.

He should be courageous. The courage, however, required in civil affairs is that which belongs rather to the able commander than the mere soldier. But any kind of courage is serviceable.

Besides a stout heart, he should have patient temperament, and a vigorous but disciplined imagination and then he will plan boldly, and with large extent of view, execute calmly and not be stretching out his hand for things not yet within his grasp. He will let opportunities grow before his eyes, until they are ripe to be seized. He will think steadily over possible failure, in order to provide a remedy or a retreat. There will be the strength of repose about him.

He must have a deep sense of responsibility. He must believe in the power and vitality of truth, and in all he does or says, should be anxious to express as much truth as possible.

His feeling of responsibility and love of truth will almost inevitably endow him with diligence, accuracy, and discreetness, —those commonplace requisites for a good man of business, without which all the rest, may never come to 'translated into action.'

JOHN RUSKIN

Commerce

As the currency conveys right of choice out of many things in exchange for one, so Commerce is the agency by which the power of choice is obtained ; so that countries producing only timber can obtain for their timber silk and gold ; or, naturally producing only jewels and frankincense^{incense}, can obtain for them cattle and corn. In this function, commerce is of more importance to a country in proportion to the limitations of its products, and the restlessness of its fancy : generally of greater importance towards Northern Latitudes.

Commerce is necessary, however, not only to exchange local products, but local skill. Labour requiring the agency of fire can only be given abundantly in cold countries ; labour requiring suppleness of body and sensitiveness of touch, only in warm ones ; labour involving accurate vivacity of thought only in temperate ones ; while peculiar imaginative actions are produced by extremes of heat and cold, and of light and darkness. The production of great art is limited to climates warm enough to admit of repose in the open air, and cool enough to render such repose delightful. Minor variations in modes of skill distinguish every locality. The labour which at any place is easiest, is in that place cheapest ; and it becomes often desirable that products raised in one country should be wrought in another. Hence have arisen discussions on "International values" which will be one day remembered as highly curious exercises of the human mind. For it will be discovered, in due course of tide and time, that international value is

regulated just as inter-provincial or inter-parishional value is. Coals and hops^{flax from Kent} are exchanged between Northumberland and Kent on absolutely the same principles as iron and wine between Lancashire and Spain. The greater breadth of an arm of the sea increases the cost, but does not modify the principle of exchange ; and a bargain written in two languages will have no other economical results than a bargain written in one. The distances of nations are measured, not by seas, but by ignorances ; and their divisions determined, not by dialects, but by enmities.

Of course, a system of international values may always be constructed if we assume a relation of moral law to physical geography ; as, for instance, that it is right to cheat or rob across a river, though not across a road ; or across a sea, though not across a river, etc. ; again, a system of such values may be constructed by assuming similar relations of taxation to physical geography ; as, for instance, that an article should be taxed in crossing a river, but not in crossing a road ; or in being carried fifty miles, but not in being carried five, etc. ; such positions are indeed not easily maintained when once put in logical form ; but one law of international value is maintainable in any form : namely, that the farther your neighbour lives from you, and the less he understands you, the more you are bound to be true in your dealings with him ; because your power over him is greater in proportion to his ignorance, and his remedy more difficult in proportion to his distance.

I have just said the breadth of sea increases the cost of exchange. Now note that exchange, or commerce, in itself, is always costly ; the sum of the value of the goods being diminished by the cost of their conveyance, and by the maintenance of the persons employed in it ; so that it is only when there is advantage to both producers (in getting the one thing for the other) greater than the loss in conveyance, that the exchange is expedient. And it can only be justly conducted when the porters kept by the producers (commonly called

merchants) expect mere pay, and not profit. For in just commerce there are but three parties—the two persons or societies exchanging, and the agent or agents of exchange; the value of the things to be exchanged is known by both the exchangers and each receives equal value, neither gaining nor losing (for whatever one gains the other loses). The intermediate agent is paid a known percentage by both, partly for labour in conveyance, partly for care, knowledge, and risk; every attempt at concealment of amount of the pay indicates either effort on the part of the agent to obtain unjust profit, or effort on the part of the exchangers to refuse him just pay. But for the most part it is the first, namely, the effort on the part of the merchant to obtain larger profit (so-called) by buying cheap and selling dear. Some part, indeed, of this larger gain is deserved, and might be openly demanded, because it is the reward of the merchant's knowledge, and foresight of probable necessity; but the greater part of such gain is unjust; and unjust in this most fatal way, that it depends, first on keeping the exchangers ignorant of the exchange value of the articles; and secondly, on taking advantage of the buyer's need and the seller's poverty. It is, therefore, one of the essential, and quite the most fatal, forms of usury; for usury means merely taking an exorbitant sum for the use of anything; and it is no matter whether the exorbitance is on loan or exchange, it is obtained by advantage of opportunity or necessity, and not as due reward for labour. All the great thinkers, therefore, have held it to be unnatural and impious in so far as it feeds on the distress of others, or their folly. Nevertheless, attempts to repress it by law must for ever be ineffective; though Plato, Bacon, and the First Napoleon—all three of them men who knew somewhat more of humanity than the "British merchant" usually does—tried their hands at it, and have left some (probably) good moderate forms of law, which we will examine in their place. But the only final check upon it must be radical purifying of the

national character, for being, as Bacon calls it, "concessum propter duritiem cordis," "it is to be done away with by touching the heart only; not, however, without medicinal law as in the case of the other permission, "propter duritiem." But in this more than in anything (though much in all, and though in this he would not himself allow of their application, for his own laws against usury are sharp enough), Plato's words in the fourth book of the Polity are true, that neither drugs, nor charms, nor burnings, will touch a deep-lying political sore, any more than a deep bodily one; but only right and utter change of constitution: and that "they do but lose their labour who think that by any tricks of law they can get the better of these mischiefs of commerce, and see not that they hew at a Hydra." *with Snake*

And indeed this Hydra seems so unslayable, and sin sticks so fast between the joinings of the stones of buying and selling, that "to trade" in things, or literally "cross-give" them, has warped itself, by the instinct of nations, into their worst word for fraud; for, because in trade there cannot but be trust, and it seems also that there cannot but also be injury in answer to it, what is merely fraud between enemies becomes treachery among friends: and "trader," "traditor," and "traitor" are but the same words. For which simplicity of language there is more reason than it first appears; for as in true commerce there is no "profit," so in true commerce there is no "sale." The idea of sale is that of an interchange between enemies respectively endeavouring to get better one of another; but commerce is an exchange between friends; and there is no desire but that it should be just, any more than there would be between members of the same family. The moment there is a bargain over the *black bowl* pottage, the family relation is dissolved typically, "the days of mourning for my father are at hand." Whereupon follows the resolve, "then will I slay my brother." This inhumanity of *mercenary* commerce is the more

notable because it is a fulfilment of the law that the corruption of the best is the worst. For as, taking the body natural for symbol of the body politic, the governing and ^{directing} forming powers may be likened to the brain, and the labouring to the limbs, the mercantile, presiding over circulation and communication of things in changed utilities, is symbolised by the heart; and, if that hardens, all is lost. And this is the ultimate lesson which the leader of English intellect meant for us (a lesson, indeed, not all his own, but part of the old wisdom of humanity) in the tale of the Merchant of Venice; in which the true and incorrupt merchant, kind and free, beyond every other Shakespearian conception of men,—is opposed to the corrupted merchant, or usurer; the lesson being deepened by the expression of the strange hatred which the corrupted merchant bears to the pure one, mixed with intense scorn,—*without interest*

“This is the fool that lent out money gratis; look to him, jailor,”—(as to lunatic no less than criminal) the enmity, observe,—having its symbolism literally carried out by being aimed straight at the heart, and finally foiled by a literal appeal to the great moral law that flesh and blood cannot be weighed, enforced by “Portia” (“Portion”), the type of divine Fortune, found, not in gold, nor in silver, but in lead, that is to say, in endurance and patience, not in splendour; and finally taught by her lips also, declaring, instead of the law of quality of “merces,” the greater law and quality of mercy, which is not strained, but drops as the rain, blessing him that gives and him that takes—

While I have traced the finer and higher laws of this matter for those whom they concern, I have also to note the material law—vulgarly expressed in the proverb, “Honesty is the best policy.” That proverb is indeed wholly inapplicable to matters of private interest. It is not true that honesty, as far as material gain is concerned, profits individuals. A clever and cruel knave will in a mixed society always be richer than an honest person can be. But honesty is the best “policy,” if

policy means practice of State. For fraud gains nothing in a State. It only enables the knaves in it to live at the expense of honest people ; while there is for every act of fraud, however small, a loss of wealth to the community. Whatever the fraudulent person gains, some other person loses, as fraud produces nothing ; and there is, besides, the loss of time and thought spent in accomplishing the fraud, and of the strength otherwise obtainable by mutual help (not to speak of the fevers of anxiety and jealousy in the blood, which are a heavy physical loss, as I will show in due time). Practically, when the nation is deeply corrupt, cheat answers to cheat ; everyone is in turn imposed upon, and there is to the body politic the dead loss of the ^{enriches} ingenuity, together with the incalculable mischief of the injury to each defrauded person, producing collateral effect unexpectedly. My neighbour sells me bad meat : I sell him in return flawed iron. We neither of us get one atom of pecuniary advantage on the whole transaction, but we both suffer unexpected inconvenience ; my men get scurvy, and his cattle-truck runs off the rails.

G. D. H. COLE

The Structure of Modern Business

The form of economic and industrial organisation under which we live to-day is commonly called Capitalism. It is not a rigid or a clearly defined system. No one person or school of thought planned it, or even thought of it as a system before it began to develop. It is impossible to say when ^{it was} precisely it arose, or from what period we should date the beginning of the capitalist era.¹⁹³⁰ For some of its features came into existence long before others; and many are but developments or ^{changes} modifications of features belonging to earlier forms of economic organisation.

Nevertheless, we have all a fairly clear idea of what capitalism means, in the form in which it exists in the world to-day. Its distinguishing features are, first and foremost, the direction of productive effort by large-scale business organisations, owned by a multitude of private individuals the vast mass of whom play no part at all in the active conduct of the enterprises^{an undertaking} in which their money is invested; and, secondly, the existence of a huge class of labourers who work for a wage or salary and have, as such, no part in the ownership either of the instruments with which they work, or of the goods which they help to produce. This divorce^{separation, division} between the functions of labour and ownership is the most characteristic mark of modern capitalist organisation.

This, of course, is not to say either that the owner of capital does no work, or that the labourer is necessarily a propertyless proletarian. Many owners of capital work hard and well; and many labourers nowadays possess invested property on a small scale—even more in the United States of

America than in Great Britain. There is not even a sharp and definite line of division between the owning and labouring classes—they shade into each other. The point is not that owners are idle or workmen ^{poor, in want, needy} destitute, but that there is, under capitalism, no necessary connection between the separate functions of ownership and work. *Capitalists & labourers are his dis*

Contrast the situation to-day with that of more primitive types of economic Society. It is commonly a characteristic of less developed economic system that most workers own both their tools and their product, and live by selling what they have produced, where they do not live by consuming it directly, as many peasants do to a large extent. On the other hand, everywhere the modern workman lives by selling his labour. He cannot sell his product, both because he does not own it, and because its nature is such that he cannot possibly own it under modern conditions. In a sense, he has no product, and makes nothing. He only collaborates with a multitude of other workers by hand and brain in creating a product which is essentially the collective work of a complex and extensive economic group. Nor can he own his tools; for the simple hand-tools of the primitive craftsman have been developed into vast power-driven machines far beyond the power of the individual worker to own, and in most cases beyond the power even of the individual capitalist. Men must work together to create a modern product; and men must club together to buy the modern instruments of production.

There is no reason, in the nature of things, why the same groups of persons should not join together both to produce and to own the instruments of production. This has always been the ideal of those who, from the days of the Christian Socialists of 1948, have put forward the ideal of Producers' Co-operation as the means of resolving our industrial disharmonies. But, after a century of endeavour, Producers' Co-operation has achieved but little, though, in Europe, as we shall see later, the

to clear, to solve, to separate the conflicting parts of

British law. The result was two-fold. In the first place it became easy to convert family business, small productive concerns, even small retail shops, into companies; and this has been widely done. And secondly, the new law made possible an enormous growth of subsidiary companies owned and controlled by the great joint stock concerns, but not subject to the same conditions in respect of publicity. To-day in Great Britain the vast majority of the joint stock companies on the register are private companies. *Serving to help auxiliary, furnishing sup*

Of course even so, by no means all business has assumed a joint stock form; and many private companies continue to be actually managed by persons who are also the principal owners of their shares or by partnerships differing in form according to each country's legal code. But a greatly increased proportion of the total business activity of the nation is now conducted by joint stock concerns with numerous bodies of shareholders, under the actual management of salaried officers who may, or may not, hold shares in them, but whose holding of shares or stock is in any case wholly ~~irrelevant~~ *irapplicable; impotent* to their managerial function. Nor only labour and ownership, but also management and ownership, tend to become divorced. The typical administrator of modern business is not an owner, but himself an *employee*. *representative, special, emblematic, etc.; illustr*

This does not mean that he is governed by the will of the stock or shareholders. The typical shareholder in modern industry, following the sound principle of spreading his risks, owns holdings in a large number of different business undertakings. He is not in a position, and he does not seek, to understand the detailed working of these various undertakings, or, save under quite exceptional conditions, to control in any way their policy or administration. Only when something goes very seriously wrong with a business does the typical shareholder usually make his appearance as anything other than the passive recipient of a policy laid down by the directors.

These directors are, indeed, in theory the shareholders appointees. But hardly more than in theory. A contested election for a board of directors is an extreme rarity; and, in practice, the directorate usually recruits itself by co-option or by a policy of representation of vitally important interests. In some concerns, the directors count hardly more than the shareholders in the real conduct of the business; and the effective control has passed almost wholly into the hands of the salaried managers. In others, the directors count; but in large businesses they tend to count rather as controllers of ultimate financial policy than as administrators or technical controllers of production, and the productive control has passed into the hands of salaried managers who have little or no connection with the ownership of the business.

There is accordingly a sharp divergence between the theory and the practice of modern business organisation. In theory, the joint stock company is not a democracy—for it gives not one man, but one share, one vote in its deliberations—but at least a polity in which all shareholders have a voice proportionate to their holdings. In practice, it is nothing of the sort; for the main body of shareholders are far too scattered, too shifting and too little acquainted with the working of the business in which their holdings lie to make any effective use of their nominal voting power. Of course, even so a few big shareholders may exert a dominant influence; and this very commonly happens where one company holds, directly or through nominees, shares in another. But where there is no important shareholdings of this sort and no small group of big shareholders dominating the rest, the body of shareholders hardly counts at all. The directors are, indeed, there to serve the financial interest of the whole group of owners and doubtless do their best to make the business a success. But in most companies the great majority of the shareholders have really no control, and in some the whole body of shareholders scarcely matters

from the standpoint of policy.

Thus it comes about that most of the owners of modern industry neither possess nor desire any say in its control, and that a small number of great owners or administrators of large-scale business controls huge accumulations of capital belonging to other people. Probably the ownership of modern industry is becoming more widely diffused; but this does not prevent its control from becoming every year more closely concentrated.

Nor does this concentration stop short at the single business. As we have seen, there has been of late years a very rapid growth of subsidiary companies controlled by the big business concerns. Most big productive concerns, such as Vickers, or The General Electric Co., or Unilever, have under them a host of subsidiaries, over whose policy they exercise, in the last resort, a complete control. There is further connection through the method of interlocking directorates, which often link up several big companies into a group following a common policy; and there are holding companies, whose sole function is to unify the policy and pool the profits of a number of nominally separate businesses under their control. Concerns of this sort shade off into trusts, combines, cartels and other forms of trading association covering an even wider field, and bringing about varying degrees of unification over whole trades or classes of production. And we are now beginning to experience a still further degree of consolidation, where—as in the new Coal Mines Act of 1930 in Great Britain, or the Federal Act of the United States—the State intervenes to bring about a compulsory unification of policy over an entire industry or service.

This description is not meant to imply a hostile criticism of the tendency towards consolidation. That tendency is indeed inevitable and, on the whole, salutary under modern conditions of production and sale. The scale of production and the capital equipment necessary for efficient service are now in many

enforced, Subject, responsible, accountable

industries so large, and the results of purely unregulated competitive production and sale so liable to be uneconomic and disastrous, that businesses are compelled to frame a combined policy or the State to do it for them in their default. The single business can no longer pursue—in the major industries, at last—an independent career or adopt a purely autonomous policy without any co-ordination with others in the same line of production. The day of competitive laissez-faire within national borders is over. If it is not ended by action of the State, it is abrogated by the directors of industry on their own behalf.

The result of these changed conditions is, as we have seen, a divorce between ownership and administration, as well as between ownership and labour. The three functions become more and more sharply differentiated; and the process of differentiation brings with it new problems of its own. Many people are disposed to look back with regret to the day when the master-craftsman, owing to his own instruments of production and working in his shop alongside his journeyman, was at once owner, manager and artificer, and when the workman had, if not an assurance, at least a reasonable hope of becoming a master-craftsman in his turn. Such a system never existed in its entirety at any period in the past, and no one supposes that anything like it can be ever restored, under the changed technical conditions of modern production; but many are inclined to wonder whether we have made the best of these new conditions, either from the human or from the economic standpoint.

Take first the position of the stock or share-holder: he owns the business, but normally, his interest in it is strictly limited to its capacity to yield him an income (or, in some cases, a capital appreciation) on his investment. He supplies the money to equip the business; but there his active function ends. For the rest he is merely a passive recipient of income. But, as

owner, he preserves his legal right to any profits which the business may make. Surplus earnings (if there are any) belong to him and not to the managers of workers who actually conduct the affair. It is true that, in consideration of his claim to the profits, he also takes a risk. He may lose the money which he has invested. But, under modern conditions of limited liability, this is all he can lose. He can no longer, like a partner in a private concern, be made liable in all his fortune for the debts of the business. Limited liability is a clear recognition by the State of the purely passive part which the ordinary investor now plays.

The question is: "Has the investor, in ceasing to be an active agent, forfeited his claim to receive the residuary profits?" Many actual investors have voluntarily given up this claim in return for a greater security. They take up debentures (which are legally loans and not part of the capital of the business) and accept a fixed rate of interest instead of a variable profit. Or they invest in State or municipal or semi-public securities similarly carrying a fixed rate with greater security. Even the preference shareholder, while he is in form part-owner of the business, is often disfranchised and usually surrenders his claim to share in the residuary profits. His passive role, as a mere investor looking for a return in money but not interesting himself in the conduct of the business, is explicitly recognised. And, in the total investment of the community, the proportion of gilt-edged securities, debentures and preference shares bearing a limited interest tends to grow in relation to the magnitude of the ordinary capital or common stock. It is quite possible that, in some industries and services, the ordinary share will before long totally disappear and all the capital be provided at fixed or limited rates of interest or dividend.

Moreover, in certain types of business the private investor is even ceasing to be called upon to provide new capital by any volition of his own. In prosperous times in Great Britain most

of the new capital needed by established industries tends to be provided by the accumulation of reserve funds out of the current profits. The entire amount of profit is not distributed in dividends; a substantial part is reserved in order to provide for the expansion of the business. These reserved profits, of course, become part of the property of the shareholder and are represented in an enhanced value of the share, or in new bonus shares issued against them. But the process of investment ceases to be a voluntary act of the shareholder and is decided for him by those who control business policy. To the extent to which this occurs the shareholder loses his last remaining positive function and becomes a mere claimant to income, wholly without constructive part in the creation of wealth.

Under these conditions even those who would repudiate ^{decline} any desire to attack the "rights of property" sometimes suggest that the rights of the shareholder need re-defining in relation to his changed status. There arise demands for the limitation of profits, for a sharing in profits, as of right, by the administrators and labourers who do the actual work of industry, for a conversion of the shareholder into a ^{fixed income receiver} ~~rentier~~, having only a fixed or limited claim to a share in the product. The reply on the shareholder's behalf is that he still bears the risks and that someone must bear them. But how if, in a particular industry or service, the risk can be limited, or even eliminated? ^{set aside capital, reject} There is practically no risk to-day in holding shares in the Bank of England or the big joint stock banks; and in such public utility services as electric supply there is growing up a type of State-guaranteed capital from which risks have been practically eliminated. Large risks, of course, still remain in ordinary industries; but wherever risks are diminished the shareholder's claim to take the residuary profits is proportionately weakened.

Suppose the community adopted a collectivist system, this tendency would be carried to its logical conclusion. The State would raise industrial capital or take it over from its present

one who has a fixed income from stocks & shares

owners, and would pay a fixed interest for its use (reducing the claims, if it thought fit, by taxation of the interest or of inheritance). The State would take the risks of industry and would, presumably, do all it could to reduce them by "spreading," or would pass them on to the consumer through its control over prices. The owners of industry would become pure *rentiers*, like the present holders of national or municipal debt. We are still far from collectivist system; but there can be no doubt that in Great Britain industry has been moving fairly rapidly towards such a system. The creation of such bodies as the Central Electricity Board (by a Conservative government) is a clear sign of this tendency at work.

The decline of the shareholder as an active partner in business enterprise tends to raise the status of the industrial manager and administrator. This class has become of late years far more ^{distinct} articulate and conscious of its own existence; and it has tended, in some degree, to modify its attitude in consequence of the change. The managers of industry are less purely the servants of the shareholders and more the servants of industry than they were a generation ago. This is certainly a hopeful development. It tends to give the managers a broader and more humane outlook on the problems of industry, decrease their feeling of being at war against the workers as representatives of the money-power, and helps to develop in them a code of professional behaviour and public service. It would be unwise to stress too much the extent of this change of attitude; but no reasonable person will deny that it exists in some degree. The power of the managers of industry has greatly increased; and with more power goes, in some degree, a keener and finer sense of responsibility. For there can be no real responsibility without power.

MAHATMA GANDHI

^{agreed} Economic Versus Moral Progress

^{opposes - in conflict - collision.}

Does economic progress clash with real progress? By economic progress, I take it, we mean material advancement without limit, and by real we mean moral progress, which again is the same thing as progress of the permanent element in us. The subject may, therefore, be stated thus: Does not moral progress increase in the same proportion as material progress? ^{So, really, the topic resolves itself into, effect of tempo.} I know that this is a wider proposition than the one before us. ^{Courage, dare.} But I venture to think that we always mean the large one even when we lay down the smaller. For we know enough of science to realize that there is no such thing as perfect rest or repose in this visible universe of ours. If, therefore, material progress does not clash with moral progress, it must necessarily advance the latter. ^{awkward, etc.} Nor can we be satisfied with the clumsy way in which sometimes those who cannot defend the large proposition put their case. They seem to be obsessed with the concrete case of thirty millions of India, stated by the late Sir William Wilson Hunter to be living on one meal a day. They say that, before we can think or talk of their moral welfare, we must satisfy their daily wants. ^{beset, haunt, would say, besides} With these, they say, material progress spells moral progress. And then is taken a sudden jump; what is true of thirty millions is true of the universe. They forget that hard cases make bad law. I need hardly say to you how ludicrously absurd this deduction would be. No one has ever suggested that grinding pauperism ^{poverty, poverty} can lead to anything else than moral degradation. Every human being has a right to live and therefore to find the wherewithal to feed himself ^{means}

and where necessary to clothe and house himself. BUT FOR THIS very simple performance we need no assistance from economists or their laws.

'Take no thought for the morrow' is an ^{an order; a precept; a command, etc.} injunction which finds an echo in almost all the religious ^{of the} scriptures of the world. In a well-ordered society the securing of one's livelihood should be and is found to be the easiest thing in the world. Indeed, the test of orderliness in a country is not the number of millionaires it owns, but the absence of starvation among its masses. The only statement that has to be examined is whether it can be laid down as a law of universal application that material advancement means moral progress. ^{Abundance, Opulence, Profusion}

Now let us take a few illustrations. Rome suffered a moral fall when it attained high material affluence. So did Egypt and so perhaps most countries of which we have any historical record. The ^{pragmatic} descendants and kinsmen of the royal and divine Krishna too fell when they were rolling in riches. We do not deny to the 'Rockefellers' and 'Carnegies' possession of an ordinary measure of morality but we gladly judge them ^{strictly} indulgently. I mean that we do not even expect them to satisfy the highest standard of morality. With them material gain has not necessarily meant moral gain. In South Africa, where I had the privilege of associating with thousands of our countrymen on most intimate terms, I observed almost ^{uniformly; completely; unvaryingly} invariably that the greater the possession of riches, the greater was their moral turpitude. ^{extraordinary depravity; nakedness} Our rich men, to say the least, did not advance the moral struggle of passive resistance as did the poor. The richmen's sense of self-respect was not so much injured as that of the poorest. If I were not afraid of treading on dangerous ground, I would even come nearer home and show how that possession of riches has been a hindrance to ^{actual} real growth. I venture to think that the scriptures of the world are far safer and sounder treatises on the laws of economics than many of the modern text books. The question we are asking ourselves

is not a new one. It was addressed of Jesus two thousand years ago. St. Mark has ^{well} ~~lively~~ ^{lively} described the scene. Jesus is in his solemn mood. He is earnest. He talks of eternity. He knows the world about him. He is himself the greatest economist of his time. He succeeded in economizing time and space—he ^{to rise over, to pass over, st. purgation} transcended them. It is to him at his best that one comes running, kneels down, and asks: "Good Master, what shall I do that I may inherit eternal life?" And Jesus said unto him: "Why callest thou me good? There is none good but one that is God. Thou knowest the commandments. Do not commit adultery. Do not kill. Do not steal. Do not bear false witness. Defraud not. Honour thy Father and Mother." And he answered and said unto him: "Master, all these have I observed from my youth." Then Jesus beholding him loved him and said unto him: "One thing thou lackest. Go thy way, sell whatever thou hast and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven-come, take up the cross and follow me." And he was sad at that saying and went away grieved for he had great possession. And Jesus looked round about and said unto the disciples: "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God." And the disciples were astonished at his words. But Jesus answereth again and saith unto them: "Children, how hard is it for them that trust in riches to enter into the kingdom of God. It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God!" Here you have an eternal rule of life stated in the noblest words the English language is capable of producing. But the disciples nodded unbelief as we do even to this day. To him they said as we say today: "But look how the law fails in practice. If we sell all and have nothing, we shall have nothing to eat. We must have money or we cannot even be reasonably moral." So they state their case thus:—"And they were astonished out of measure, saying among themselves: 'Who then can be saved',

And Jesus looking upon them said : 'With men it is impossible, but not with God, for with God, all things are possible.' Then Peter began to say unto him : 'Lo, we have left all, and have followed thee.' And Jesus answered and said : 'Verily I say unto you, there is no man that has left house or brethren or sisters, or father or mother, or wife or children or lands for my sake and Gospel's but he shall receive one hundredfold, now in this time houses and brethren and sisters and mothers and children and land, and in the world to come, eternal life. But many that are first shall be last and the last, ^{here} first, ^{there} You have here the result or reward, if you prefer the term, of following the law. I have not taken the trouble of copying similar passages from the other non-Hindu scriptures and I will not insult you by quoting, in support of the law stated by Jesus, passages from the writings and sayings of our own sages, passages even stronger, if possible, than the Biblical extracts I have drawn your attention to. Perhaps the strongest of all the testimonies in favour of the affirmative answer to the question before us are the lives of the greatest teachers of the world. Jesus, Mohammed, Buddha, Nanak, Kabir, Chaitanya, Shankara, Dayanand, Ramakrishna were men who exercised an influence over, and moulded the character of, thousands of men. The world is the richer for their having lived in it. And they were all men who deliberately embraced poverty as their lot.

I should not have laboured my point as I have done, if I did not believe that, in so far as we have made the modern materialistic craze our goal, so far are we going downhill in the path of progress. I hold that economic progress in the sense I have put it is antagonistic to real progress. Hence the ancient ideal has been the limitation of activities promoting wealth. This does not put an end to all material ambition. We should still have, as we have always had, in our midst people who make the pursuit of wealth their aim in life. But we have always recognized that it is a fall from the ideal. It is a beautiful

thing to know that the wealthiest among us have often felt that to have remained voluntarily poor would have been a higher state for them. That you cannot serve God and Mammon is an economic truth of the highest value. We have to make our choice. Western nations are today groaning under the heel of the monster god of Materialism. Their moral growth has become ^{hindered from growth} stunted. They measure their progress in £. s. d. American wealth has become the standard. She is the envy of the other nations. I have heard many of our countrymen say that we will gain American wealth but avoid its methods. I venture to suggest that such an attempt, if it were made, is foredoomed to failure. We cannot be 'wise, ^{moderate, sober, calm} temperate and furious' in one moment. I would have our leaders teach us to be morally supreme in the world. This land of ours was once, we are told, the ^{hallowed place} abode of the gods. It is not possible to conceive gods inhabiting a land which is made hideous by the smoke and the din of mill chimneys and factories and whose roadways are ^{lay across} traversed by rushing engines, dragging numerous cars crowded with men who know not for the most part what they are after, who are often absent-minded, and whose ^{minds} tempers do not improve by being uncomfortably packed like sardines in boxes and finding themselves in the midst of utter strangers, who would ^{just remove} oust them if they could and whom they would, in their turn, oust similarly. I refer to these things because they are held to be symbolical of material progress. But they add not an atom to our happiness. This is what Wallace, the great scientist, has said as his deliberate judgment: ^{1892 - Eng. Nation}

"In the earliest records, which have come down to us from the past, we find ample ^{tell us sum, by modern culture} indications that general ethical considerations and conceptions, the accepted standard of morality, and the conduct resulting from these, were in no degree inferior to those which prevail today."

In a series of chapters he then proceeds to examine the position of the English nation under the advance in wealth it

has made. He says : "This rapid growth of wealth and increase of our power over Nature puts too great a strain upon our crude civilization, on our superficial Christianity, and it was accompanied by various forms of social immorality almost as ^{astounding, horrible} amazing and unprecedented." He then shows how factories have risen on the corpses of men, women and children ; how, as the country has rapidly advanced in riches, it has gone down in morality. He shows this by dealing with insanitation, life-destroying trades, adulteration, bribery and gambling. He shows how with the advance of wealth, justice has become immoral, deaths from alcoholism and suicide have increased, the average of premature births and (congenital defects) has increased and prostitution has become an institution with these pregnant remarks.

of the same birth, hundred, incredible
 "The proceedings of the divorce courts show other aspects of the result of wealth and leisure, while a friend who had been a good deal in London society assured me that, both in country houses and in London, various kinds of ^{drunk revelry, &c.} orgies were occasionally to be met with, which ^{even in most licentious} would hardly have been surpassed in the period of the most dissolute emperors. Of war, too, I need say nothing. It has always been more or less chronic since the rise of the Roman Empire ; but there is now undoubtedly a disinclination for war among all civilized peoples. Yet the vast burden of armaments taken together with the most pious declarations in favour of peace, must be held to show an almost total absence of morality as a guiding principle among the governing classes."

essential
 Under the British aegis we have learnt much, but it is my firm belief that there is little to gain from Britain in intrinsic morality, that if we are not careful, we shall introduce all the vices that she has been a prey to owing to the disease of materialism. We can profit by that connexion only if we keep our civilization, and our morals straight, i.e., if instead of boasting of the glorious past, we express the ancient moral glory in our

own lives and let our lives bear witness to our boast. Then we shall benefit her and ourselves. If we copy her because she provides us with rulers, both they and we shall suffer degradation. We need not be afraid of ideals or of reducing them to practice even to the uttermost. Ours will only then be a truly spiritual nation when we shall show more truth than gold, greater fearlessness than ^{Display, splendor} pomp of power and wealth, greater charity than love of self. If we will but cleanse our houses, our places and temples of the attributes of wealth and show in them the attributes of morality, we can offer battle to any combination of hostile forces without having to carry the burden of a heavy militia. Let us seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and the irrevocable promise is that everything will be added unto us. These are real economics. May you and I treasure them and enforce them in our daily life.

JAWAHAR LAL NEHRU

The Economic Background of India

What was the economic background of India when all these far-reaching political changes were taking place? V. Anstey has written that right up to eighteenth century 'Indian methods of production and of industrial and commercial organization could stand comparison with those in ^{Europe, etc.} vogue in any other part of the world.' India was a highly developed manufacturing country exporting her manufactured products to Europe and other countries. Her banking system was efficient and well organized throughout the country, and the hundies or bills of exchange issued by the great business or financial houses were honoured everywhere in India, as well as in Iran, and Kabul and Herat and Tashkent and other places in Central Asia. Merchant capital had ^{emerged; unfolded} evolved and there was an elaborate network of agents, jobbers, brokers and middlemen. The shipbuilding industry was flourishing and one of the flagships of an English admiral during the ^{17th-18th} Napoleonic wars had been built by an Indian firm in India. India was, in fact, as advanced industrially, commercially and financially as any country prior to the Industrial Revolution. No such development could have taken place unless the country had enjoyed long periods of ^{firmly established, firm, durable, constant} stable and peaceful government and the highways were safe for traffic and trade. *roads*

Foreign adventurers originally came to India because of the excellence of her manufactures which had a big market in Europe. The chief business of the British East India Company in its early days was to trade with Indian goods in Europe, and

very profitable trading it was, yielding enormous dividends. So efficient and highly organized were Indian methods of production, and such was the skill of India's artisans and craftsmen, that they could compete successfully even with the higher techniques of production which were being established in England. When the big Machine Age began in England, Indian goods continued to pour in and had to be stopped by very heavy duties and, in some cases, by outright prohibition. ~~Consequently~~

Clive described Murshidabad in Bengal in 1757, the very year of Plassey, as a city 'as extensive, populous, and rich as the city of London, with this difference that there are individuals in the first ^{possessing} infinitely greater property than in the last.' The city of Dacca in eastern Bengal was famous for its fine muslins. These two ^{cities} ~~cities~~, important as they were, were near the periphery of Hindustan. All over the vast land there were greater cities and large numbers of big manufacturing and trading centres, and a very rapid and ingenious system of communicating news and market prices had been evolved. The great business houses often received news, even of the wars that were going on, long before ^{about message, an inf letter or communication} ~~despatches~~ reached the officials of the East India Company. The economy of India had thus advanced to as high a stage as it could reach prior to the Industrial Revolution. Whether it had the seeds of further progress in it or was too much bound up with the rigid social structure, it is difficult to say. It seems quite possible, however, that under normal conditions it would have undergone that change and begun to adapt itself, in its own way, to the new industrial conditions. And yet, though it was ripe for a change, that change itself required a revolution within its own framework. Perhaps some catalytic agent was necessary to bring about the change. It is clear that howsoever highly organised and developed its pre-industrial economy was, it could not compete for long with the products of industrialized countries. It had to industrialize itself or submit to foreign economic ^{enterance} ~~penetration~~ which would

have led to political interference. As it happened, foreign political ^{rule} domination came first and this led to a rapid destruction of the economy she had built up, without anything positive or constructive taking its place. The East India Company represented both British political power and British vested interests and economic power. It was supreme and, being a company of merchants, it was ^{desire} ~~intent~~ on making money. Just when it was making money with amazing rapidity and in ^{astonishing} ~~fantastic~~ quantities, Adam Smith wrote about it in 'The Wealth of Nations' in 1776: "The government of an ^{sole} ~~exclusive~~ company of merchants is perhaps the worst of all governments for any country whatever."

^{quite} Though the Indian merchant and manufacturing classes were rich and spread out all over the country, and even controlled the economic structure, they had no political power. Government was ^{autocrat} ~~despotic~~ and still largely feudal. In fact, it was probably more feudal than it had been at some previous ^{stages} of Indian history. Hence there was no middle class strong enough, or even ^{deliberately} ~~consciously~~ thinking of seizing power, as in some Western countries. The people generally had grown ^{apathetic} ~~apathetic~~ and ^{servile} ~~servile~~. There was thus a gap which had to be filled before any revolutionary change could take place. Perhaps this gap had been produced by the ^{static} ~~static~~ nature of Indian society which refused to change in a changing world, for every civilization which resists change declines. That society, as constituted, had no more creative part to play. A change was ^{overdue} ~~overdue~~.

The British, at that time, were politically much more advanced. They had had their ^{political} ~~political~~ revolution and had established the power of Parliament over that of the king. Their middle classes, conscious of their new power, were full of the ^{impulse} ~~impulse~~ to expand. That vitality and energy, proof of a growing and progressive society, are indeed very evident in England. They show themselves in many ways, and most of all in the inventions and discoveries which ^{heralded} ~~heralded~~ the Industrial

Revolution.

And yet, what was the British ruling class then? Charles and Mary Beard, the eminent American historians, tell us how the success of the American Revolution removed suddenly from the royal provinces in America the "British ruling class—a class accustomed to a ^{barbarous} criminal code, a narrow and intolerant universal system, a government conceived as a huge ^{collection} aggregation of jobs and privileges, a contempt of men and women who toiled in field and shop, a denial of education to the masses, an established religion forced alike on dissenters and Catholics, a dominion of ^{big game} squire and ^{clergy} parson in countries and villages, callous brutality in army and navy, a scheme of primogeniture buttressing the rule of the landed gentry, a swarm of hungry ^{hangers-on} placemen offering sycophancy to the king in exchange for offices, ^{sin} sinecures, and pensions, and a constitution of church and State so ordered as to fasten upon the masses this immense pile of pride and plunder. From the weight of this mountain the American revolutionists delivered the colonial subjects of the British Crown. Within a decade or two after that eman- cipation they accomplished reforms in law and policy which required a hundred years or more of ^{continuous} persistent agitation to effect in the mother country, reforms which gave to the statesmen who led in the agitation their title to immortality in English history."

The American Declaration of Independence, that land- mark in freedom's history, was signed in 1776 and six years later the colonies separated from England and began their real intellectual, economic and social revolution. The land system that had grown up under British inspiration and after the model of England, was completely transformed. Many privileges were abolished and the large estates confiscated and then distributed in small lots. ^{quantities} A stirring period of awakening and intellectual and economic activity followed. Free America, rid of feudal relics and foreign control, marched ahead with

giant strides.

In France, the Great Revolution smashed the Bastille, symbol of the old order, and swept away the King and feudalism and declared the Rights of Man to the world. *(Underlying Cause)*

And in England then? Frightened by these revolutionary changes in America and France, England became even more reactionary, and her fierce and ^{brute} barbarous penal code became even more ^{barbarous} savage. When George III came to the English throne in 1760 there were about 160 ^{crimes} offences for which men, women and children were put to death. By the time his long reign ended in 1820, nearly a hundred new offences, carrying the death penalty, were added to this terrible list. The ordinary soldier in the British army was treated worse than a ^{beast} beast of the fields, with a brutality and inhumanity that horrify. Death sentences were common and commoner, still flogging, inflicted in public, ^{whipping} flogging up to several hundred ^{lashes} lashes, still death sometimes intervened or the ^{mangled} mangled body of the sufferer, just surviving, told the story to his dying day. *embarrassing, a capital mistake*

✓ In this matter as in many others involving humanity and respect for the individual and the group, India was far more advanced and had a higher civilization. There was more literacy in India than in England or the rest of Europe, though the education was strictly traditional. Probably there were more civic amenities also. The general condition of the masses in Europe was very backward and deplorable and compared unfavourably with the conditions prevailing in India. But there was this vital difference: new forces and living currents were working invisibly in western Europe, bringing changes in their train; in India conditions were far more static.

England came to India. When Queen Elizabeth gave a charter to the East India Company in 1600, Shakespeare was alive and writing. In 1611 the Authorized English edition of the Bible was issued; in 1608 Milton was born. There followed Hampden and Cromwell and the political revolution. In 1660

Royal Society of England, which was to advance the cause of science so much, was organized. A hundred years later, in 1760, the flying shuttle was invented, and there followed in quick succession the spinning Jenny, the steam engine and the power loom. *machine by which yarn is woven into cloth of all kinds*

Which of these two Englands came to India? The England of Shakespeare and Milton, of noble speech and daring and brave deed, of political revolution and the struggle for freedom, of science and technical progress, or the England of the savage penal code and brutal behaviour, of entrenched feudalism and reaction? For there were two Englands, just as in every country there are these two aspects of national character and civilization. "The discrepancy in England," writes Edward Thompson, "between the highest and the ordinary levels of our civilization, has always been immense; I doubt if there is any country like it in any country with which we should wish to be compared and it is a discrepancy that lessens so slowly that it now seems hardly to lessen at all."

The two Englands live side by side, influencing each other, cannot be separated; nor could one of them come to India setting completely the other. Yet in every major action one takes the leading role, dominating the other, and it was inevitable that the wrong England should play that role in India. It should come in contact with and encourage the wrong Indian process.

The independence of the United States of America is more contemporaneous with the loss of freedom by India. *covering the past century and a half*, an Indian looks somewhat fully and longingly at the vast progress made by the United States during this period and compares it with what has been done and what has not been done in his own country. It is true without doubt that the Americans have many virtues and we have many failings, that America offered a virgin field and almost a clean slate to write upon while we were cluttered up with ancient

memories and traditions. And yet perhaps it is not inconceivable that if Britain had not undertaken this great burden in India and, as she tells us, endeavoured for so long to teach us the difficult art of self-government, of which we had been so ignorant, India might not only have been freer and more prosperous but also far more advanced in science and art and all that makes life worth living.

NORMAN McKINNEL

The Bishop's Candlesticks

CHARACTERS

MARIE

PERSOME

THE BISHOP

THE CONVICT

THE SERGEANT

NORMAN McKINNEL

The Bishop's Candlesticks

SCENE.—*The kitchen of the BISHOP'S cottage. It is plainly but substantially furnished. Doors R. and L. and L. C. Window R. C. Fireplace with heavy mantelpiece down R. Oak settle with cushions behind door L. C. Table in window R. C. with writing material and crucifix (wood). Eight day clock R. of window. Kitchen dresser, with cupboard to lock, down L. Oak dining-table R. C. Chairs, books, etc. Winter wood scene without. On the mantelpiece are two very handsome candlesticks, which look strangely out of place with their surroundings.*

[MARIE and PERSOME discovered. MARIE stirring some soup on the fire. PERSOME laying the cloth, etc.]

Persome. Marie, isn't the soup boiling yet?

Marie. Not yet, Madam.

Persome. Well, it ought to be. You haven't tended the fire properly, child.

Marie. But, Madam, you yourself made the fire up.

Persome. Don't answer me back like that. It is rude.

Marie. Yes, Madam.

Persome. Then don't let me have to rebuke you again.

Marie. No, Madam.

Persome. I wonder where my brother can be. [Looking at the clock]. It is after eleven o'clock and no sign of him. Marie!

Marie. Yes, Madam.

Persome. Did Monseigneur the Bishop have any message for me?

Marie. No, Madam.

Persome. Did he tell you where he was going?

Marie. Yes, Madam!

Persome. [imitating]. "Yes, Madam." Then why haven't you told me, stupid!

Marie. Madam didn't ask me.

Persome. But that is no reason for your not telling me, is it?

Marie. Madam said only this morning I was not to chatter, so I thought——

Persome. Ah, mon Dieu, you thought! Ah! it is hopeless.

Marie. Yes, Madam.

Persome. Don't keep saying "Yes, Madam" like a parrot, nincompoop. *(Completing a sentence with a flourish)*

Marie. No, Madam. *(A flourish)*

Persome. Well, where did Monseigneur say he was going?

Marie. To my Mother's, Madam.

Persome. To your mother's indeed! And why, pray?

Marie. Monseigneur asked me how she was and I told him she was feeling poorly.

Persome. You told him she was feeling poorly, did you? And so my brother is to be kept out of his bed; and go without his supper, because you told him she was feeling poorly. There's gratitude for you!

Marie. Madam, the soup is boiling!

Persome. Then pour it out, fool, and don't chatter. [MARIE about to do so]. No, no; not like that. Here, let me do it, and do you put the salt cellars on the table—the silver ones.

Marie. The silver ones, Madam?

Persome. Yes, the silver ones. Are you deaf as well as stupid?

Marie. They are sold, Madam.

Persome. Sold! [with horror] sold! Are you mad? Who sold them? Why were they sold?

Marie. Monseigneur the Bishop told me this afternoon while you were out to take them to Monsieur Gervais, who has often admired them; and sell them for as much as I could.

Persome. But you had no right to do so without asking me.

Marie. [with awe]. But, Madam, Monseigneur the Bishop told me.

Persome. Monseigneur the Bishop is a—ahem! but—but what can he have wanted with the money?

Marie. Pardon, Madam, but I think it was for Mere Gringoire.

Persome. Mere Gringoire indeed. Mere Gringoire! What, the old witch who lives at the top of the hill, and who says she is bedridden because she is too lazy to do any work? And what did Mere Gringoire want with the money, pray?

Marie. Madam; it was for the rent. The bailiff would not wait any longer and threatened to turn her out to-day if it were not paid, so she sent little Jean to Monseigneur to ask for help, and—

Persome. Oh, mon Dieu! It is hopeless, hopeless. We shall have nothing left. His estate is sold, his savings have gone. His furniture, everything. Were it not for my little dot we should starve! And now my beautiful—beautiful [sobs] salt cellars. Ah, it is too much, too much [she breaks down crying].

Marie. Madam, I am sorry. If I had known—

Persome. Sorry, and why, pray? If Monseigneur the Bishop chooses to sell his salt cellars he may do so, I suppose. Go and wash your hands; they are disgracefully dirty.

Marie. Yes, Madam [going towards R].

[Enter the BISHOP, C].

Bishop. Ah! how nice and warm it is in here. It is worth going out in the cold for the sake of the comfort of coming in.

[PERSOME has hastened to help him off with his coat, etc.]

MARIE has dropped a deep courtesy.]

Bishop. Thank you, dear. [*Looking at her*]. Why what is the matter? You have been crying. Has Marie been troublesome, eh? [*Shaking his finger at her*]. Ah!

Persome. No, it wasn't Marie—but—but——

Bishop. Well, well, you shall tell me presently. Marie, my child, run home now; your mother is better. I have prayed with her, and the doctor has been. Run home! [*MARIE putting on cloak and going*]. And Marie, let yourself in quietly in case your mother is asleep.

Marie. Oh, thanks, thanks, Monseigneur.

[*She goes to door C; as it opens the snow drives in*].

Bishop. Here, Marie, take my comforter, it will keep you warm. It is very cold to-night.

Marie. Oh no, Monseigneur! [*shamefacedly*].

Persome. What nonsense, brother; she is young, she won't get hurt.

Bishop. Ah, Persome, you have not been out, you don't know how cold it has become. Here, Marie, let me put it on for you [*does so*]. There! Run along, little one.

[*Exit MARIE C.*]

Persome. Brother, I have no patience with you. There sit down and take your soup, it has been waiting ever so long. And if it is spoilt, it serves you right.

Bishop. It smells delicious.

Persome. I'm sure Marie's mother is not so ill that you need have stayed out on such a night as this. I believe those people *pretend* to be ill just to have the Bishop call on them. They have no thought of the Bishop!

Bishop. It is kind of them to want to see me.

Persome. Well, for my part, I believe that charity begins at home.

Bishop. And so you make me this delicious soup. You are very good to me, sister.

Persome. Good to you, yes! I should think so. I should

like to know where you would be without me to look after you. The dupe of every idle scamp or lying old woman in the parish.

Bishop. If people lie to me they are poorer, not I.

Persome. But it is ridiculous; you will soon have nothing left. You give away everything, everything!!!

Bishop. My dear, there is so much suffering in the world, and I can do so little [sighs], so very little.

Persome. Suffering, yes; but you never think of the suffering you cause to those who love you best, the suffering you cause to me.

Bishop [rising]. You, sister dear. Have I hurt you? Ah, I remember you had been crying. Was it my fault? I didn't mean to hurt you. I am sorry.

Persome. Sorry. Yes. Sorry won't mend it. Humph! Oh, do go on eating your soup before it gets cold.

Bishop. Very well, dear [sits]. But tell me——

Persome. You are like a child, I can't trust you out of my sight. No sooner is my back turned than you get that little minx Marie to sell the silver salt cellars.

Bishop. Ah, yes, the salt cellars. It is a pity. You—you were proud of them?

Persome. Proud of them. Why, they have been in our family for years.

Bishop. Yes, it is a pity. They were beautiful; but still, dear, one can eat salt out of china just as well.

Persome. Yes, or meat off the floor, I suppose. Oh, it's coming to that. And as for that old wretch, Mere Gringoire, I wonder she had the ^{boldness, insolence} audacity to send here again. The last time I saw her I gave her such a talking to that it ought to have had some effect.

Bishop. Yes! I offered to take her in here for a day or two, but she seemed to think it might distress you.

Persome. Distress me!!!

Bishop. And the bailiff, who is a very just man, would

not wait longer for the rent, so—so—you see I *had* to pay it.

Persome. You had to pay it. [*Gesture of comic despair*].

Bishop. Yes, and you see I had no money, so I had to dispose of the salt cellars. It was fortunate I had them, wasn't it ? [*smiling*]. But I'm sorry I have grieved you.

Persome. Oh, go on ! go on ! you are incorrigible. You'll sell your candlesticks next.

Bishop. [*with real concern*]. No, no, sister not my candlesticks.

Persome. Oh ! Why not ? They would pay somebody's rent, I suppose.

Bishop. Ah, you are good, sister, to think of that ; but—I don't want to sell them. You see, dear, my mother gave them to me on—on her death-bed just after you were born, and—and she asked me to keep them in remembrance of her, so I would like them ; but perhaps it is a sin to set such store by them ?

Persome. Brother, brother, you will break my heart [*with tears in her voice*]. There ! don't say anything more. Kiss me and give me your blessing : I am going to bed. [*They kiss*].

[*BISHOP makes the sign of the cross and murmurs a blessing.*

PERSOME locks cupboard door and goes R].

Persome. Don't sit up too long and tire your eyes.

Bishop. No, dear ! Good-night ! [*PERSOME exits R*].

Bishop. [*Comes to table and opens a book, then looks up at the candlesticks*]. They would pay somebody's rent. It was kind of her to think of that. [*He stirs the fire, trims the lamp, arranges some books and papers, sits down, is restless, shivers slightly ; clock outside strikes twelve and he settles to read. Music during this. Enter the CONVICT stealthily ; he has a long knife and seizes the BISHOP from behind*].

Convict. If you call out you are a dead man !

Bishop. But, my friend, as you see, I am reading. Why

should I call out ? Can I help you in any way ?

Convict. [*hoarsely*]. I want food. I'm starving. I haven't eaten anything for three days. Give me food quickly, curse you.

Bishop. [*eagerly*]. But certainly, my son, you shall have food. I will ask my sister for the keys of the cupboard [*rising*].

Convict. Sit down !!! [*The BISHOP sits smiling*]. None of that, my friend ! I'm too old a bird to be caught with chaff. You would ask your sister for the keys, would you ? A likely story ! you would rouse the house too. Eh ? Ha ! ha ! A good joke truly. Come, where is the food ? I want no keys. I have a wolf inside me tearing at my entrails, tearing me ; quick, tell me where the food is.

Bishop. [*aside*]. I wish Persome would not lock the cupboard. [*aloud*]. Come, my friend, you have nothing to fear. My sister and I are alone here.

Convict. How do I know that ?

Bishop. Why, I have just told you.

[*CONVICT looks long at the BISHOP*].

Convict. Humph ! I'll risk it. [*BISHOP, going to door R*]. But mind ! Play me false, and as sure as there are devils in Hell I'll drive my knife through your heart. I have nothing to lose.

Bishop. You have your soul to lose, my son ; it is of more value than my heart. [*At door R. calling*]. Persome, Persome.

[*The CONVICT stands behind him with his knife ready*].

Persome [*within*]. Yes, brother.

Bishop. Here is a poor traveller who is hungry. If you are not undressed will you come and open the cupboard and I will give him some supper.

Persome [*within*]. What, at this time of night ? A pretty business truly. Are we to have no sleep now, but to be at the beck and call of every ne'er-do-well who happens to pass ?

Bishop. But, Persome, the traveller is hungry.

Persome. Oh, very well, I am coming. (*PERSOME enters*

R, she sees the knife in the CONVICT's hand.—*Frightened*].
Brother, what is he doing with that knife?

Bishop. The knife—oh, well, you see, dear, perhaps he may have thought I—I had sold ours.

[*Laughs gently*].

Persome. Brother, I am frightened. He glares at us like a wild beast [*aside to him*].

Convict. Hurry, I tell you. Give me food or I'll stick my knife in you both and help myself.

Bishop. Give me the keys, Persome [*she gives them to him*]. And now, dear, you may go to bed.

PERSOME going. *The CONVICT springs in front of her*].

Convict. Stop! Neither of you leave this room till I do.

[*She looks at the BISHOP*].

Bishop. Persome, will you favour this gentleman with your company at supper? He evidently desires it.

Persome. Very well, brother.

[*She sits down at table staring at the two*].

Bishop. Here is some cold pie and a bottle of wine and some bread.

Convict. Put them on the table, and stand below it so that I can see you.

[*BISHOP* does so, and opens drawer in table, taking out knife and fork, looking at the knife in CONVICT's hand].

Convict. My knife is sharp. [*He runs his finger along the edge and looks at them meaningly*]. And as for forks [*taking it up*], faugh! steel [*he throws it away*]. We don't use forks in prison.

Persome. Prison?

Convict. [*cutting off an enormous slice, which he tears with his fingers like an animal. Then starts*]. What was that? [*He looks at the door*]. Why the devil do you leave the window unshuttered and the door unbarred so that any one can come in? [*Shutting them*].

Bishop. That is why they are left open.

Convict. Well, they are shut now !

Bishop [sighs]. For the first time in thirty years.

[CONVICT *eats voraciously and throws a bone on the floor*].

Persome. Oh, my nice clean floor !

[BISHOP *picks up the bone and puts it on plate*].

Convict. You're not afraid of thieves ?

Bishop. I am sorry for them.

Convict. Sorry for them, Ha ! ha ! ha ! [*Drinks from bottle*]. That's a good one. Sorry for them. Ha ! ha ! ha ! [*Drinks*]. [*Suddenly*]. What the devil are you ?

Bishop. I am a Bishop.

Convict. Ha ! ha ! ha ! A Bishop. Holy Virgin, a Bishop. Well, I'm damned !

Bishop. I hope you may escape that, my son. *Persome*, you may leave us : this gentleman will excuse you.

Persome. Leave you with——

Bishop. Please ! My friend and I can talk more—freely then.

[*By this time, owing to his starving condition, the wine has affected him*].

Convict. What's that ? Leave us. Yes, yes, leave us. Good-night. I want to talk to the Bishop. The Bishop. Ha ! ha !

[*Laughs as he drinks, and coughs*].

Bishop. Good-night, *Persome*.

[*He holds the door open and she goes out R, holding in her skirts as she passes the CONVICT*].

Convict. [*chuckling to himself*]. The Bishop. Ha ! ha ! Well, I'm——[*suddenly very loudly*]. D'you know what I am ?

Bishop. I think one who has suffered much.

Convict. Suffered ? [*puzzled*] suffered ? My God, yes. [*Drinks*]. But that's a long time ago. Ha ! ha ! That was when I was a man. Now I'm not a man ; now I'm a number: number 15729, and I've lived in Hell for ten years.

Bishop. Tell me about it—about Hell.

Convict. Why? [*Suspiciously*] Do you want to tell the police—to set them on my track?

Bishop. No! I will not tell the police.

Convict. [*looks at him earnestly*]. I believe you [*scratching his head*], but damn me if I know why.

Bishop [*laying his hand on the CONVICT's arms*]. Tell me about the time—the time before you went to—Hell.

Convict. It's so long ago I forget; but I had a little cottage, there were vines growing on it. [*Dreamily*]. They looked pretty with the evening sun on them, and, and—there was a woman—she was [*thinking hard*—she must have been my wife—yes. [*Suddenly and very rapidly*]. Yes, I remember. She was ill, we had no food, I could get no work, it was a bad year, and my wife, my Jeanette, was ill, dying [*pause*], so I stole to buy her food. [*Long pause; the BISHOP gently pats his hand*]. They caught me. I pleaded to them, I told them why I stole, but they laughed at me, and I was sentenced to ten years in the prison hulks [*pause*], ten years in Hell. The night I was sentenced the gaoler told me—told me Jeanette was dead. [*Sobs with fury*]. Ah damn them, damn them. God curse them all.

[*He sinks on the table, sobbing*].

Bishop. Now tell me about the prison ship, about Hell.

Convict. Tell you about it? Look here, I was a man once. I'm a beast now, and they made me what I am. They chained me up like a wild animal, they lashed me like a hound. I was fed on filth, I was covered with vermin, I slept on boards, and I complained. Then they lashed me again. For ten years, ten years. Oh God! They took away my name, they took away my soul, and they gave me a devil in its place; but one day they were careless, one day they forgot to chain up their wild beast, and he escaped. He was free. That was six weeks ago. I was free, free to starve.

Bishop. To starve?

Convict. Yes, to starve. They fed you in Hell, but when you escape from it you starve. They were hunting me everywhere, and I had no passport, no name. So I stole again. I stole these rags. I stole my food daily. I slept in the woods, in barns, anywhere. I dare not ask for work, I dare not go into a town to beg, so I stole, and they have made me what I am, they have made me a thief. God curse them all.

[Empties the bottle and throws it into the fireplace R, smashing it].

Bishop. My son, you have suffered much, but there is hope for all.

Convict. Hope ! Hope ! Ha ! ha ! ha !

[Laughs wildly].

Bishop. You have walked far ; you are tired. Lie down and sleep on the couch there and I will get you some coverings.

Convict. And if any one comes ?

Bishop. No one will come ; but if they do, are you not my friend ?

Convict. Your friend ? *[puzzled].*

Bishop. They will not molest the Bishop's friend.

Convict. The Bishop's friend.

[Scratching his head, utterly puzzled].

Bishop. I will get the coverings.

[Exit L].

Convict. *[looks after him, scratches his head].* The Bishop's friend ! *[He goes to the fire to warm himself and notices the candlesticks. He looks round to see if he is alone, and takes them down, weighing them].* Silver, by God, and heavy. What a prize !

[He hears the BISHOP coming, and in his haste drops one candlestick on the table].

[Enter the BISHOP]

Bishop. *[sees what is going on, but goes to the settle up L, with coverings].* Ah, you are admiring my candlesticks. I am proud of them. They were a gift from my mother. A little

too handsome for this poor cottage perhaps, but all I have to remind me of her. Your bed is ready. Will you lie down now ?

Convict. Yes, yes, I'll lie down now. [*Puzzled*] Look here, why the devil are you—ki—kind to me ? [*Suspiciously*]. What do you want ? Eh ?

Bishop. I want you to have a good sleep, my friend.

Convict. I believe you want to convert me ; save my soul, don't you call it ? Well, it's no good—see ? I don't want any damned religion, and 'as for the Church—Bah ! I hate the Church.

Bishop. This is a pity, my son, as the Church does not hate you.

Convict. You are going to try to convert me. Oh ! Ha ! ha ! that's a good idea. Ha ! ha ! ha ! No, no, monseigneur the Bishop. I don't want any of your Faith, Hope, and Charity—see ? So anything you do for me you're doing to the devil—understand ? [*defiantly*]. *Content & degen*

Bishop. One must do a great deal for the devil in order to do a little for God.

Convict. [*angrily*]. I don't want any damned religion. I tell you.

Bishop. Won't you lie down now ? It is late !

Convict. [*grumbling*]. Well, all right ; but I won't be preached at, I—I—[*On couch*]. You're sure no one will come ?

Bishop. I don't think they will ; but if they do—you yourself have locked the door.

Convict. Humph ! I wonder if it's safe ? [*He goes to the door and tries it, then turns and sees the BISHOP holding the covering ; annoyed*]. Here ! you go to bed. I'll cover myself. [*The BISHOP hesitates*]. Go on. I tell you.

Bishop. Good-night, my son.

[*Exit L.*]

[*CONVICT waits till he is off, then tries the BISHOP'S door*].

Convict. No lock, of course. Curse it. [*Looks round and sees the candlesticks again*]. Humph ! I'll have another look at

them. [*He takes them and toys with them*]. Worth hundreds, I'll warrant. If I had these turned into money they'd start me fair. Humph! The old boy's fond of them too, said his mother gave him them. His mother, yes. They didn't think of my mother when they sent me to Hell. He was kind to me too—but what's a Bishop for except to be kind to you? Here, cheer up, my heart, you're getting soft. God! wouldn't my chain mates laugh to see 15729 hesitating about ^{seize about} collaring the plunder because he felt good. Good! Ha! ha! Oh, my God! Good! Ha! ha! 15729 getting soft. That's a good one. Ha! ha! No, I'll take his candlesticks and go. If I stay here he'll preach at me in the morning and I'll get soft. Damn him and his preaching too. Here goes! *heck, to place or arrange*

[*He takes the candlesticks, stows them in his coat, and cautiously exits L. C. As he does so, the door slams*].

Persome [*without*]. Who's there? Who's there, I say? Am I to get no sleep to-night? Who's there, I say? [*Enter R. PERSOME*]. I'm sure I heard the door shut. [*Looking round*]. No one here? [*Knocks at the BISHOP'S door L. Sees the candlesticks have gone*]. The candlesticks, the candlesticks.. They are gone. Brother, brother, come out. Fire, murder, thieves!

[*Enter BISHOP, L.*]

Bishop. What is it, dear, what is it? What is the matter?

Persome. He has gone. The man with the hungry eyes has gone and he has taken your candlesticks.

Bishop. Not my candlesticks, sister, surely not those? [*He looks and sighs*]. Ah, that is hard, very hard. I, I—He might have left me those. They were all I had [*almost breaking down*].

Persome. Well, but go and inform the police. He can't have gone far. They will soon catch him, and you'll get the candlesticks again. You don't deserve them, though, leaving them about with a man like that in the house.

Bishop. You are right, Persome. It was my fault. I led him into temptation.

Persome. Oh, nonsense ! led him into temptation indeed ! The man is a thief, a common scoundrelly thief. I knew it the moment I saw him. Go and inform the police or I will.

[*Going ; but he stops her*].

Bishop. And have him sent back to prison, [*very softly*] sent back to Hell ! No, Persome. It is a just punishment for me ; I set too great store by them. It was a sin. My punishment is just ; but oh, God, it is hard, it is very hard.

[*He buries his head in his hands*].

Persome. No brother, you are wrong. If you won't tell the police, I will. I will not stand by and see you robbed. I know you are my brother and my Bishop, and the best man in all France ; but you are a fool, I tell you, a child, and I will not have your goodness abused. I shall go and inform the police.

[*Going*].

Bishop. Stop, Persome. The candlesticks were mine ; they are his now. It is better so. He has more need of them than I. My mother would have wished it so had she been here.

Persome. But—— [*Great knocking without*]

Sergeant [*without*] Monseigneur. Monseigneur, we have something for you. May we enter ?

Bishop. Enter, my son? [*Long ringing a minute later*]

[*Enter SERGEANT and three GENDARMES with CONVICT bound*
The SERGEANT carries the candlesticks].

Persome. Ah, so they have caught you, villain, have they ?

Sergeant. Yes, Madam, we found this scoundrel slinking along the road, and as he wouldn't give any account of himself we arrested him on suspicion. Holy Virgin, isn't he strong and didn't he struggle ? While we were securing him these candlesticks fell out of his pockets.

[*PERSOME seizes them, goes to table, and brushes them with her apron lovingly*].

I remembered the candlesticks of Monseigneur the Bishop, so we brought him here that you might identify them, and then we'll lock him up.

[*The BISHOP and the CONVICT having been looking at each other—the CONVICT with dogged defiance*]. *stutter, more*

Bishop. But—but I don't understand; this gentleman is my very good friend.

Sergeant. Your friend, Monseigneur! ! Holy Virgin! Well!!!

Bishop. Yes, my friend. He did me the honour to sup with me to-night, and I—I have given him the candlesticks.

Sergeant. [*incredulously*]. You gave him—him your candlesticks? Holy Virgin! *not believing*

Bishop. [*severely*]. Remember, my son, that she is holy.

Sergeant. [*saluting*]. Pardon, Monseigneur.

Bishop. And now I think you may let your prisoner go.

Sergeant. But he won't show me his papers; he won't tell me who he is.

Bishop. I have told you he is my friend.

Sergeant. Yes, that's all very well; but——

Bishop. He is your Bishop's friend; surely that is enough.

Sergeant. Well, but——

Bishop. Surely? [*A pause*].

[*The SERGEANT and the BISHOP look at each other*].

Sergeant. I—I—Humph! [*To his men*] Loose the prisoner.

[*They do so*]. Right about turn, quick march!

[*Exit SERGEANT and GENDARMES. A long pause*].

Convict. [*very slowly, as if in a dream*]. You told them you had given me the candlesticks—give me them. By God!

Persome. [*Shaking her fist at him and hugging the candlesticks to her breast*]. Oh, you scoundrel, you pitiful scoundrel. You come here, and are fed and warmed, and—and you thief; steal from your benefactor. Oh, you blackguard.

Bishop. Persome, you are overwrought. Go to your room.

Persome. What, and leave you with him to be cheated again, perhaps murdered? No, I will not.

Bishop. [*with slight severity*]. *Persome*, leave us. I wish it.

[*She looks hard at him, then turns towards her door*].

Persome. Well, if I must go, at least I'll take the candlesticks with me.

Bishop. [*more severely*]. *Persome*, place the candlesticks on that table and leave us.

Persome. [*defiantly*]. I will not!

Bishop. [*loudly and with great severity*]. I, your Bishop, command it.

[*PERSOME does so with great reluctance and exits R*].

Convict. [*shamefacedly*]. Monseigneur, I'm glad, I didn't get away with them; curse me, I am. I'm glad.

Bishop. Now won't you sleep here? See, your bed is ready.

Convict. No! [*Looking at the candlesticks*]. No! no! I daren't, I daren't. Besides, I must go on, I must get to Paris; it is big, and I—I—can be lost there. They won't find me there. And I must travel at night. Do you understand?

Bishop. I see—you must travel by night.

Convict. I—I—didn't believe there was any good in the world; one doesn't when one has been in Hell; but somehow I—I—know you're good, and—and it's a queer thing to ask, but—but could you, would you bless me before I go? I—I think it would help me. I—

[*Hangs his head very shamefacedly*].

[*BISHOP makes sign of the cross and murmurs blessing*].

Convict. [*Tries to speak, but a sob almost chokes him*].

Good-night. [*He hurries towards the door*].

Bishop. Stay, my son, you have forgotten your property [*giving him the candlesticks*].

Convict. You mean me—you want me to take them?

Bishop. Please; they may help you.

[*The CONVICT takes the candlesticks in absolute amazement*].

Bishop. And, my son, there is a path through the woods at the back of this cottage which leads to Paris; it is a very lonely path, and I have noticed that my good friends the gendarmes do not like lonely paths at night. It is curious.

Convict. Ah, thanks, Monseigneur. I—I—*[He sobs]*. Ah! I'm a fool, a child to cry, but somehow you have made me feel that—that it is just as if something had come into me—as if I were a man again and not a wild beast.

[The door at back is open and the CONVICT is standing in it].

Bishop. *[Putting his hand on his shoulder]*. Always remember, my son, that this poor body is the Temple of the Living God.

Convict. *[with great awe]*: The Temple of the Living God. I'll remember. *[Exit L. C.]*

[The BISHOP closes the door and goes quietly to the Priedieu in the window R, he sinks on his knees, and bows his head in prayer].

A. A. MILNE

The Princess and the Woodcutter

CHARACTERS

THE WOODCUTTER.

THE PRINCESS.

THE KING.

THE QUEEN.

THE RED PRINCE.

THE BLUE PRINCE.

THE YELLOW PRINCE.

Attendants.

THE PRINCESS AND THE WOODCUTTER

THE WOODCUTTER'S SONG

Woodcutter—

A humble woodman I.
A plain hard-working peasant,
A simple soul, who on the whole
Finds life extremely pleasant.
I envy none to-day
His lofty rank or station,
Enough for me to have a free
And healthy occupation.

Refrain : Singing and swinging my axe
On the monarch uprearing,
Stroke upon stroke, till the oak
Crashes down in the clearing.
So shall I vanquish, perchance,
Both the haughty and splendid,
Love shall have brought them to naught
When the tale shall be ended.
In realms of faery lore *long*
I need no guide or tutor,
And there, I learn, princesses yearn
To wed the humble suitor.
The truly noble mind
All outward show despises ;

It is not rank, or wealth, or swank
That takes the highest prizes !

Refrain [As before].

The Woodcutter is discovered singing at his work, in a glade of the forest outside his hut. He is tall and strong, and brave and handsome ; all that a woodcutter ought to be. Now it happened that the Princess was passing, and as soon as his song is finished, sure enough, on she comes.

Princess. Good-morning, Woodcutter.

Woodcutter. Good-morning.

[*But he goes on with his work.*]

Princess. [after a pause]. Good-morning, Woodcutter.

Woodcutter. Good-morning.

Princess. Don't you ever say anything except good-morning ?

Woodcutter. Sometimes I say good-bye.

Princess. You are a cross woodcutter to-day.

Woodcutter. I have work to do.

Princess. You are still cutting wood ? Don't you ever do anything else ?

Woodcutter. Well, you are still a princess ; don't you ever do anything else ?

Princess [reproachfully]. Now, that's not fair, Woodcutter. You can't say I was a Princess yesterday, when I came and helped you stack your wood. Or the day before, when I tied up your hand where you had cut it, or the day before that, when we had our meal together on the grass. Was I a Princess then ?

Woodcutter. Somehow I think you were. Somehow I think you were saying to yourself, "Isn't it sweet of a Princess to treat a mere woodcutter like this ?"

Princess. I think you are perfectly horrid. I've a good mind never to speak to you again. [Turns R.] And—and I would, if only I could be sure that you would notice I wasn't speaking to you.

Woodcutter. After all, I'm just as bad as you. Only yesterday I was thinking to myself how unselfish I was to interrupt my work in order to talk to a mere Princess.

Princess. Yes, but the trouble is that you *don't* interrupt your work.

Woodcutter [interrupting it and going up to her with a smile.] Madam, I am at your service.

Princess. I wish I thought you were.

Woodcutter. Surely you have enough people at your service already. Princes and chancellors and chamberlains and waiting-maids.

Princess. Yes, that's just it. That's why I want your help. Particularly in the matter of Princess.

Woodcutter. Why, has a suitor come for the hand of Her Royal Highness?

Princess. Three suitors. And I hate them all.

Woodcutter. And which are you going to marry?

Princess. I don't know. Father hasn't made up his mind yet.

Woodcutter. And this is a matter which father—which His Majesty decides for himself?

Princess. Why, of course! You should read the history books, Woodcutter. The suitors to the hand of a Princess are always set some trial of strength or test of quality by the King and the winner marries his daughter.

Woodcutter. Well. I don't live in a palace, and I think my own thoughts about these things. I'd better get back to my work.

[He goes on with his chopping].

Princess [gently after a pause]. Woodcutter!

Woodcutter [looking up]. Oh, are you there? I thought you were married by this time.

Princess [meekly]. I don't want to be married. [Hastily] I mean, not to any of those three.

Woodcutter. You can't help yourself.

Princess. I know. That's why I wanted you to help me.

Woodcutter [going up to her]. Can a simple woodcutter help a Princess.

Princess. Well, perhaps a simple one couldn't, but a clever one might.

Woodcutter. What would his reward be?

Princess. His reward would be that the Princess, not being married to any of her three suitors, would still be able to help him chop his wood in the morning.....I *am* helping you, aren't I?

Woodcutter [smiling]. Oh, decidedly.

Princess [nodding]. I thought I was.

Woodcutter. It is kind of a great lady like yourself to help so humble a fellow as I.

Princess [meekly]. I'm not very great.

[And she isn't. She is the smallest, daintiest little Princess that ever you saw.] *delicate, nice, elegant*

Woodcutter. There's enough of you to make a hundred men unhappy.

Princess. And one man happy?

Woodcutter. And one man very, very happy.

Princess [innocently]. I wonder who he'll be.....Woodcutter, if you were a Prince, would you be my suitor?

Woodcutter [scornfully]. One of three?

Princess [excitedly]. Oh, would you kill the others? With that axe?

Woodcutter. I would not kill them in order to help His Majesty make up his mind about his son-in-law. But if the Princess had made up her mind—and wanted me—

Princess. Yes?

Woodcutter. Then I would marry her, however many suitors she had.

Princess. Well, she's only got three at present.

Woodcutter. What is that to me ?

Princess. Oh, I just thought you might want to be doing something to your axe.

Woodcutter. My axe ?

Princess. Yes. You see, she *has* made up her mind.

Woodcutter [*amazed*]. You mean—but—But I'm only a woodcutter.

Princess. That's where you'll have the advantage
them when it comes to axe. *That is you may like them with*

Woodcutter. Princess ! [*He takes her in his arms*]. My Princess !

Princess. Woodcutter ! My Woodcutter ! My, oh so very slow and uncomprehending, but entirely adorable Woodcutter ! *Wait*

[*They sing together, They just happen to feel like that.*]

OUR FAIRY STORY

Duet : Woodcutter and Princess

Princess. My dear, brown man,
With your strength and grace,
And your most attractive face, *him*
Do you wonder how my love for you began ?
Well, I don't quite know,
But with those dear arms around me.
I know my fate has found me.

Woodcutter. My own, fair maid,
With all heaven in your eyes,
Are we mad or truly wise,
When the laws of courts and kings are disobeyed ?
Let the world go by,
With its pride and pomp and glory,
We have made our fairy story.

Both. This is just our fairy story,
Every word of which is true,

Older than the hills around us,
 Yet so wonderfully new.
 All the stories worth telling
 Surely must be told by two,
 Each must have the self-same ending,
 "You love me and I love you."

Princess. My dear, brown man !
 Just because I love you blindly,
 You must rule me very kindly.
 For I mean to be obedient—if I can !
 I'm a poor spoiled child,
 And my future education
 Will afford you occupation,
 But I recognise my master underneath the toiler's tan.

Woodcutter. My own, fair maid,
 I declare your very meekness
 Is the measure of my weakness.
 And my mastery will seldom be displayed.
 For at one shy glance
 From beneath those dropping lashes
 All my airy kingship crashes. *Faint*

Both [As before].

Woodcutter [the song finished]. But what will His Majesty say ?

Princess. All sorts of things....Do you really love me, Woodcutter, or have I proposed to you under a misapprehension ?

Woodcutter. I adore you !

Princess. [nodding]. I thought you did. But I wanted to hear you say it. If I had been a simple peasant, I suppose you would have said it a long time ago ?

Woodcutter. I expect so.

Princess [nodding]. Yes.....Well, now we must think of a plan for making mother like you.

Woodcutter. Might I just kiss you again before we begin?

Princess. Well, I don't quite see how I am to stop you.

[The Woodcutter picks her up in his arms and kisses her.]

Woodcutter. There!

Princess [in his arms]. Oh Woodcutter, Woodcutter, why didn't you do that the first day I saw you? Then I needn't have had the bother of proposing to you. *[He puts her down suddenly.]* What is it?

Woodcutter [listening]. Somebody coming. *[He peers through the trees and then says in surprise.]* The King!

Princess. Oh! I must fly!

Woodcutter. But you'll come back?

Princess. Perhaps.

[She disappears quickly through the trees].

[The Woodcutter goes on with his work, and is discovered at it a minute later by the King and Queen. The music of "Tete a Tete" is played for the entrance. There enter first one red and one black attendant, walking backwards and bowing to the King and Queen. They are followed by two other attendants].

King [puffing]. Ah! and a seat all ready for us. How satisfying!

[They sit down, a distinguished couple—reading from left to right, "King Queen"—on a bench outside the Woodcutter's hut.]

Queen [crossly—she was like that]. I don't know why you dragged me here.

King. As I told you, my love, to be alone.

[All attendants go off].

Queen. Well, you aren't alone.

[She indicates the Woodcutter.]

King. Pooh, he doesn't matter.....Well now, about these three Princes. They are getting on my mind rather. It is time we decided which one of them is to marry our beloved

child. The trouble is to choose between them.

Queen. As regards appetite, there is nothing to choose between them. They are three of the heartiest eaters I have met for some time.

King. You are right. The sooner we choose one of them, and send the other two about their business, the better. [*Reflectively*]. There were six peaches on the breakfast-table this morning. Did I get one? No.

Queen. Did I get one? No.

King. Did our darling get one—not that it matters? No.

Queen. It is a pity that the seven-headed bull died last year.

King [*with a sigh*]. Those days are over. We must think of a new test. Somehow I think that, in a son-in-law, moral worth is even more to be desired than mere brute strength. Now my suggestion is this: that you should disguise yourself as a beggar woman and approach each of the three Princes in turn, supplicating their charity. In this way we shall discover which of the three has the kindest heart. What do you say, my dear?

Queen. An excellent plan. If you remember, I suggested it myself yesterday.

King [*annoyed*]. Well, of course, it had been in my mind for some time. I don't claim that the idea is original; it has often been done in our family. (*Getting up*). Well then, if you will get ready, my dear, I will go and find our three friends and see that they come this way.

[*They go out together. The music of "Tete a Tete" is played again. As soon as they are out of sight the Princess comes back.*]

Princess. Well, Woodcutter, what did I tell you?

Woodcutter. What did you tell me?

Princess. Didn't you listen to what they said?

Princess. Well, *I* couldn't help listening. And unless you stop it somehow, I shall be married to one of them to-night.

Woodcutter. Which one ?

Princess. The one with the kindest heart—whichever that is.

Woodcutter. Supposing they all have kind hearts ?

Princess. [*confidently*]. They won't. They never have. In our circles when three Princes come together, one of them has a kind heart and the other two haven't. [*Surprised*] Haven't you read any history at all ?

Woodcutter. I have no time for reading. But I think it's time history was altered a little. We'll alter it this afternoon.

Princess. What do you mean ?

Woodcutter. Leave this to me. I've got an idea.

Princess. [*clapping her hands*]. Oh, how clever of you ! But what do you want me to do ?

Woodcutter [*pointing*]. You know the glade over there where the brook runs through it ? Wait for me there.

Princess. I obey my lord's commands.

[*She blows him a kiss and runs off*].

[*The Woodcutter resumes his work. By and by the Red Princess comes along. He is a—well, you will see for yourself what he is like.*]

Red Prince. Ah, fellow.....Fellow !.....I said fellow ! [*Yes, that sort of man.*]

Woodcutter [*looking up*]. Were you speaking to me, my lord ?

Red Prince. There is no other fellow here that I can see.

[*The woodcutter looks round to make sure, peers behind a tree or two, and comes back to the Prince.*]

Woodcutter. Yes, you must have meant me.

Red Prince. Yes, of course I meant you, fellow. Have you seen the Princess come past this way ? I was told she was waiting for me here.

Woodcutter. She is not here, my lord. [*Looking round to see that they are alone*] My lord, are you one of the Princes who is seeking the hand of the Princess ?

Red Prince [*complacently*]. I am, fellow.

Woodcutter. His Majesty the King was here a while ago. He is to make his decision between you this afternoon. [*Meaningly*] I think I can help you to be the lucky one, my lord.

Red Prince. You suggest that I take an unfair advantage over my fellow-competitors ?

Woodcutter. I suggest nothing, my lord. I only say that I can help you.

Red Prince [*magnanimously*]. Well, I will allow you to help me.

Woodcutter. Thank you. Then I will give you this advice. If a beggar woman asks you for a crust of bread this afternoon, remember—it is the test !

Red Prince [*staggered*]. The test ! But I haven't got a crust of bread.

Woodcutter. Wait here and I will get you one.

[*He goes into the hut.*]

Red Prince [*speaking after him as he goes*]. My good fellow, I am extremely obliged to you, and if ever I can do anything for you, such as returning a crust to you of similar size, or even lending you another slightly smaller one, or—[*The Woodcutter comes back with the crust*] Ah, thank you, my man, thank you.

Woodcutter. I would suggest, my lord, that you should take a short walk in this direction [*pointing in the opposite direction to that which the Princess has taken*], and stroll back casually in a few minutes' time when the Queen is here.

Red Prince. Thank you, my man, thank you.

[*He puts the crust in his pocket and goes off.*]

[*The Woodcutter goes on with his work. The Blue Prince comes in and stands watching him in silence for some*

moments.]

Woodcutter [looking up]. Hullo !

Blue Prince. Hullo !

Woodcutter. What do you want ?

Blue Prince. The Princess.

Woodcutter. She's not here.

Blue Prince. Oh !

[The Woodcutter goes on with his work and the Prince goes on looking at him].

Woodcutter [struck with an idea]. Are you one of the Princes who is wooing the Princess ?

Blue Prince. Yes.

Woodcutter [coming towards him]. I believe I could help your Royal Highness.

[Blue Prince. Do.]

Woodcutter [doubtfully]. It would perhaps be not quite fair to the others.

Blue Prince. Don't mind.

Woodcutter. Well then, listen.

[He pauses a moment and looks round to see that they are alone.]

Blue Prince. I'm listening.

Woodcutter. If you come back in five minutes, you will see a beggar woman sitting here. She will ask you for a crust of bread. You must give it to her, for it is the way His Majesty has chosen of testing your kindness of heart.

Blue Prince [feeling in his pocket]. No bread.

Woodcutter. I will give you some.

Blue Prince. Do.

Woodcutter [taking a piece from his pocket]. Here you are.

Blue Prince. Thanks.

Woodcutter. Not at all, I'm very glad to have been able to help you.

[He goes on with his work. The Blue Prince remains looking at him.]

Blue Prince (with a great effort). Thanks.

[He goes slowly away. A moment later the Yellow Prince makes a graceful and languid entry].

Yellow Prince. Ah, come hither, my man, come hither.

Woodcutter [stopping his work and looking up]. You want me, sir?

Yellow Prince. Come hither, my man. Tell me, has Her Royal Highness the Princess passed this way lately?

Woodcutter. The Princess?

Yellow Prince [slaps Woodcutter's shoulder]. Yes, the Princess, my bumpkin. But perhaps you have been too much concerned in your own earthly affairs to have noticed her. You—ah—cut wood, I see.

Woodcutter. Yes, sir, I am a woodcutter.

Yellow Prince. A most absorbing life. Some day we must have a long talk about it. But just now I have other business waiting for me. With your permission, good friend, I will leave you to your faggots. *Long wood for fuel* [He starts to go.]

Woodcutter. Beg your pardon, sir, but are you one of those Princes that want to marry our Princess?

Yellow Prince. I had hoped, good friend, to obtain your permission to do so. I beg you not to refuse it.

Woodcutter. You are making fun of me, sir.

Yellow Prince. Discerning creature. *understand*

Woodcutter. All the same, I can help you.

Yellow Prince. Then pray do so, long-chopper and earn my everlasting gratitude. *after*

Woodcutter. The King has decided that whichever of you three Princes has the kindest heart shall marry his daughter.

Yellow Prince. Then you will be able to bear witness to him that I have already wasted several minutes of my valuable time in condescending to a mere faggot splitter. Tell him this and

giving in

S.D. 1.1.1

the prize is mine. [*Kissing the tips of his fingers*] Princess, I embrace you.

Woodcutter. The King will not listen to me. But if you return here in five minutes, you will find an old woman begging for bread. It is the test which their Majesties have arranged for you. If you share your last crust with her——

Yellow Prince. Yes, but do I look as if I carried a last crust about with me?

Woodcutter. But see, I will give you one.

Yellow Prince [*taking it between the tips of his fingers*]. Yes, but——

Woodcutter. Put it in your pocket, and when—— *بجاء جمع دلا*

Yellow Prince. But, my dear bark-scraper, have you no feeling for clothes at all? How can I put a thing like this in my pocket? [*Handing it back to him.*] I beg you to wrap it up. Here, take this [*gives him a scarf*]. Neatly, I pray you. [*Taking an orange ribbon out of his pocket*] Perhaps a little of this round it would make it more tolerable. You think so? I leave it to you. I trust your taste entirely.....Leaving a loop for the little finger, I entreat you.....so. [*He hangs it on his little finger*]. In about five minutes, you said? We will be there. [*With a bow*] We thank you.

[*He departs delicately. The Woodcutter smiles to himself, puts down his axe and goes off to the Princess. And just in time. For behold! the King and Queen return. The same music as before. At least we think it is the Queen, but she is so heavily disguised by a cloak which she wears over her Court dress, that for a moment we are not quite sure.*]

King. Now then, my love, if you will sit down on that log there—[*placing here*—excellent—I think perhaps you should remove the crown. [*Removes it.*] There! Now the disguise is perfect.

Queen. You're sure they are coming? It's a very uncom-

fortable seat.

[*Takes out long nail.*]

King. I told them that the Princess was waiting for them here. Their natural disappointment at finding I was mistaken will make the test of their good nature an even more exacting one. My own impression is that the Yellow Prince will be the victor.

Queen. Oh, I hate that man.

King [*soothingly*]. Well, well, perhaps it will be the Blue one.

Queen. If anything, I dislike him more intensely.

King. Or even the Red.

Queen. Ugh! I can't bear him.

King. Fortunately, dear, you are not called upon to marry any of them. It is for our darling that we are making the great decision. Listen! I hear one coming. I will hide in the cottage and take note of what happens.

[*He disappears into the cottage as the Blue Prince comes in.*]

Queen. Oh, sir, can you kindly spare a crust of bread for a poor old woman! Please, pretty gentleman!

Blue Prince [*standing stolidly in front of her and feeling in his pocket*]. Bread.....Bread.....Ah! Bread!

[*He offers it.*]

Queen. Oh, thank you, sir. May you be rewarded for your gentle heart.

Blue Prince. Thank you.

[*He stands gazing at her. There is an awkward pause.*]

Queen. A blessing on you, sir.

Blue Prince. Thank you. [*He indicates the crust.*] Bread.

Queen. Ah, you have saved the life of a poor old woman.

Blue Prince. Eat it.

Queen [*embarrassed*]. I—er—you—er—

[*She takes a bite and mumbles something.*]

Blue Prince. What?

Queen [*swallowing with great difficulty*]. I'm almost too

happy to eat, sir. Leave a poor old woman alone with her happiness, and——

Blue Prince. Not too happy. Too weak. Help you eat. [*He breaks off a piece and holds it to her mouth. With a great effort the Queen disposes of it.*] Good !.....Again ! [*She does it again.*] Now ! [*She swallows another piece.*] Last piece ! [*She takes it in. He pats her kindly on the back, and she nearly chokes.*] Good.....Better now ?

Queen [*weakly*]. Much.

Blue Prince. Good-day.

Queen [*with an effort*]. Good-day, kind gentleman.

[*He goes out.*]

[*The King is just coming from the cottage. When he returns suddenly, the King slips back again.*]

Blue Prince. Small piece left over. [*He gives it to her. She looks hopelessly at him.*] Good-bye.

[*He goes.*]

Queen [*throwing the piece down violently*]. Ugh ! What a man !

King [*coming out*]. Well, well, my dear, we have discovered the winner.

Queen [*from the heart*]. Detestable person !

King. The rest of the competition is of course more in the nature of a formality——

Queen. Thank goodness.

King. However, I think that it will prevent unnecessary discussion afterwards if we—— Take care, here is another one.

[*He hurries back.*]

[*Enter the Red Prince.*]

Queen [*with not nearly so much conviction*]. Could you spare a crust of bread, sir, for a poor hungry old woman ?

Red Prince. A crust of bread, madam ? Certainly. As luck will have it, I have a crust on me. My last one, but—your need is greater than mine. Eat, I pray.

Queen. Th-thank you, sir.

Red Prince. Not at all. Come, eat. Let me have the pleasure of seeing you eating.

Queen. M-might I take it home with me, pretty gentleman?

Red Prince [*firmly.*] No, no. I must see you eating. Come! I will take no denial.

Queen. Th-thank you, sir. [*Hopefully*] Won't you share it with me?

Red Prince. No, I insist on your having it all. I am in the mood to be generous. Oblige me by eating it now, for I am in a hurry; yet I will not go until you have eaten. [*She does her best.*] You eat but slowly. [*Sternly.*] Did you deceive me when you said you were hungry?

Queen. No-no. I'm very hungry. [*She eats.*]

Red Prince. That's better. Now understand—however poor I am, I can always find a crust of bread for an old woman. Always! Remember this when next you are hungry.....You spoke? [*She shakes her head and goes on eating.*] Finished?

Queen [*with great difficulty*]. Yes, thank you, pretty gentleman.

Red Prince. There's a piece on the ground there that you dropped. [*She eats it in dumb agony.*] Finished?

Queen [*huskily.*] Yes, thank you, pretty gentleman.

Red Prince. Then I will leave you, madam. Good-morning. [*He goes out.*]

[*The Queen rises in fury. The King is about to come out of the cottage, when the Yellow Prince enters. The Queen sits down again and mumbles something. It is certainly not an appeal for bread, but the Yellow Prince is not to be denied.*]

Yellow Prince [*gallantly.*] My poor woman, you are in distress. It pains me to see it, madam, it pains me terribly. Can it be that you are hungry? I thought so, I thought so.

Give me the great pleasure, madam, of relieving your hunger. See [*holding up his finger*] my own poor meal. Take it! It is yours.

Queen [*with difficulty*]. I am not hungry.

Yellow Prince. Ah, madam, I see what it is. You do not wish to deprive me. You tell yourself, perchance, that it is not fitting that one in your station of life should partake of the highly born. You are not used, you say, to the food of Princes. Your rougher palate—~~take~~, *relish*

Queen [*hopefully*]. Did you say the food of princes?

Yellow Prince. Where was I, madam. You interrupted me. No matter—eat. [*She takes the scarf and unties the ribbon.*] Ah, now I remember. I was saying that your rougher palate—

Queen [*discovering the worst*]. No! no! not bread!

Yellow Prince. Bread, madam, the staff of life. Come, madam, will you not eat? [*She tries desperately.*] What can be more delightful than a crust of bread by the wayside?

[*The Queen shrieks and falls back in a swoon. The King rushes out to her.*]

King [*to Yellow Prince*]. Quick, quick, find the Princess.

Yellow Prince. The Princess—find the Princess!

[*He goes vaguely off and we shall not see him again. But the Woodcutter and the Princess do not need to be found.*]

They are here.

Woodcutter [*to Princess*]. Go to her, but don't show that you know me.

[*He goes into the cottage, and the Princess hastens to her father.*]

Princess. Father!

King. Ah, my dear, you're just in time. Your mother—

Princess. My mother?

King. Yes, yes. A little plan of mine—of hers—your poor mother. Dear, dear!

Princess. But what's the matter?

King. She is suffering from a surfeit of bread, and—

[The Woodcutter comes up with a flagon of wine.]

Woodcutter. Poor old woman! She has fainted from exhaustion. Let me give her some—

Queen *[shrieking]*. No, no, not bread! I will *not* have any more bread.

Woodcutter. Drink this, my poor woman.

Queen *[opening her eyes.]* Did you say drink?

[She seizes the flagon and drinks.]

Princess. Oh, sir, you have saved my mother's life!

Woodcutter. Not at all.

King. I thank you, my man. I thank you.

Queen *[goes to Woodcutter and flings her arms around him]*. My deliverer! Tell me who you are!

Princess. It is my mother, the Queen, who asks you.

Woodcutter *[amazed, as well he may be]*. The Queen!

[Kneels and covers his face.]

King. Yes, yes. Certainly, the Queen.

Woodcutter *[taking off his hat]*. Pardon, Your Majesty. I am a woodcutter, who lives alone here, far away from courts.

Queen. Well, you've got more sense in your head than any of the Princes that I've seen lately. You'd better come to court.

Princess *[shyly]*. You will be very welcome, sir.

Queen. And you'd better marry the Princess.

King. Isn't that perhaps going a *little* too far, dear?

Queen. Well, you wanted kindness of heart in your son-in-law, and you've got it. And he's got commonsense too. *[To Woodcutter]* Tell me, what do you think of bread as—a form of nourishment?

Woodcutter *[cautiously]*. One can have too much of it.

Queen. Exactly my view. *[To king]* There you are, you see.

King. Well, if you insist. The great thing, of course, is

that our darling child should be happy.

Princess. I will do my best, father.

[She takes the Woodcutter's hand.]

King. Then the marriage will take place this evening.

[With a wave of his wand] Let the revels begin.

"They begin. Children dance, the refrain of the "Fairy Story" being used. The King and Queen go off, and the Curtain falls.]

T. H. HUXLEY

The Method of Science

The method of scientific investigation is nothing but the expression of the necessary mode of working of the human mind. It is simply the mode in which all phenomena are reasoned about, rendered precise and exact. There is just the same kind of difference, between the mental operations of a man of science and those of an ordinary person, as there is between the operations and methods of a baker or of a butcher weighing out his goods in common scales, and the operations of a chemist in performing a difficult and complex analysis by means of his balance and finely graduated weights. It is not that the action of the scales in the one case, and the balance in the other, differ in the principles of their construction or manner of working; but the beam of one is set on an infinitely finer axis than the other, and of course turns by the addition of a much smaller weight.

You will understand this better, perhaps, if I give you some familiar example. You have all heard it repeated, I dare say, that men of science work by means of Induction and Deduction, and that by the help of these operations, they, in a sort of sense, wring from Nature certain other things, which are called Natural Laws, and Causes, and that out of these, by some cunning skill of their own, they build up Hypotheses and Theories. And it is imagined by many that the operations of the common mind can by no means be compared with these processes, and that they have to be acquired by a sort of special apprenticeship to the craft. To hear all these large words,

you would think that the mind of a man of science must be constituted differently from that of his fellow-men ; but if you will not be frightened by terms, you will discover that you are quite wrong, and all these terrible apparatus are being used by yourselves everyday and every day of your lives.

There is a well-known incident in one of Moliere's plays, where the author makes the hero express unbounded delight on being told that he had been talking prose during the whole of his life. In the same way, I trust that you will take comfort, and be delighted with yourselves on the discovery and you have been acting on the principles of inductive and deductive philosophy during the same period. Probably there is not one who has not in the course of the day had occasion to set in motion a complex train of reasoning, of the very same kind, though differing of course in degree, as that which a scientific man goes through in tracing the cause of natural phenomena.

A very trivial circumstance will serve to exemplify this. Suppose you go into fruiterer's shop, wanting an apple,—you take up one, and on biting it, you find it is sour ; you look at it, and see that it is hard and green. You take up another one, and that too is hard, green and sour. The shopman offers you a third ; but before biting it, you examine it, and find that it is hard and green, and you immediately say that you will not have it, as it must be sour, like those you have already tried.

Nothing can be more simple than that, you think ; but if you will take the trouble to analyse and trace out into its logical elements, what has been done by the mind, you will be greatly surprised. In the first place, you have performed the operation of induction. You found that, in two experiences, hardness and greenness in apples went together with sourness. It was so in the first case, and it was confirmed by the second. True, it is a very small basis, but still it is enough to make an induction form : you generalize the facts, and you expect to find sourness in apples where you get hardness and greenness.

You found upon that a general law, that all hard and green apples are sour ; and that so far as it goes is perfect induction. Well, now, suppose, having got your law, that at sometime afterwards, you are discussing the qualities of apples with a friend ; you will say to them, "It is a very curious thing,—but I find that all hard and green apples are sour !" Your friend says to you, "But how do you know that ?" You at once reply, "Oh, because I have tried them over and over again, and have always found them to be so."

Well, if we were talking science instead of common sense, we should call that an Experimental Verification. And, if still opposed, you go further and say, "I have heard from the people in Somersetshire and Devonshire, where a large number of apples are grown, that they have observed the same thing. It is also found to be the case in Normandy, and in North America. In short I find it to be the universal experience of mankind wherever attention has been directed to the subject." Whereupon your friend, unless he is a very unreasonable man, agrees with you, and is convinced that you are quite right in the conclusion you have drawn. He believes, although perhaps he does not know he believes it, that the more extensive verifications are,—that the more frequently experiments have been made, and results of the same kind arrived at,—that the more varied the conditions under which same results are attained, the more certain is the ultimate conclusion, and he disputes the question no further. He sees that the experiment has been tried under all sorts of conditions, as to time, place, and people, with the same result ; and he says with you, therefore, that the law you have laid down must be a good one, and he must believe it.

In science we do the same thing,—the philosopher exercises precisely the same faculties, though in a much more delicate manner. In scientific enquiry, it becomes a matter of duty to expose a supposed law to every possible kind of verification, and to take care, moreover, that this is done intentionally, and not

left to a mere accident, as in the case of the apples. And in science, as in common life, our confidence in a law is in exact proportion to the absence of variation in the result of our experimental verifications.

For instance, if you let go your grasp of an article you may have in your hand, it will immediately fall to the ground. That is very common verification of one of the best established laws of nature—that of gravitation. The method by which men of science establish the existence of that law, is exactly the same as that by which we have established the trivial proposition about the sourness of hard and green apples. But we believe it in such an extensive, thorough and unhesitating manner because the universal experience of mankind verifies it, and we can verify it ourselves at any time, and that is the strongest possible foundation on which any natural laws can rest.

C. V. RAMAN

Physics of the Countryside Water

Man has through the ages sought in vain for an imaginary elixir of life, the divine Amrita, a draught of which was thought to confer immortality. But the true elixir of life lies near to our hands. For it is the commonest of all liquids, plain water! I remember one day standing on the line which separates the Libyan Desert from the Valley of the Nile in Egypt. On one side was visible a sea of billowing sand without a speck of green or a single living thing anywhere visible on it. On the other side lay one of the greenest, most fertile and densely populated areas to be found anywhere on the earth, teeming with life and vegetation. What made this wonderful difference? Why it is the water of the River Nile flowing down to the Mediterranean from its source a couple of thousands of miles away. Geologists tell us that the entire soil of the Nile Valley is the creation of the river itself, brought down as the finest silt in its flood waters, from the highlands of Abyssinia and from remote Central Africa, and laid down through the ages in which the Nile flows into the sea. Egypt, in fact, was made by its river. Its ancient civilization was created and is sustained by the life-giving waters which come down year after year with unfailing regularity.

I give this example and could give many more to emphasise that this common substance which we take for granted in our everyday life is the most potent and the most wonderful thing on the face of our earth. It has played a role of vast significance in shaping the course of the earth's history and

continues to play the leading role in the drama of life on the surface of our planet.

There is nothing which adds so much to the beauty of the countryside as water, be it just a little stream trickling over the rocks or a little pond by the wayside where the cattle quench their thirst of an evening. The rain-fed tanks that are so common in South India—alas often so sadly neglected in their maintenance—are a cheering sight when they are full. They are, of course, shallow, but this is less evident since the water is silt-laden and throws the light back, and the bottom does not therefore show up. These tanks play a vital role in South Indian agriculture. In Mysore, for example, much of the rice is grown under them. Some of these tanks are surprisingly large and it is a beautiful sight to see the sun rise or set over one of them. Water in a landscape may be compared to the eyes in a human face. It reflects the mood of the hour, being bright and gay when the sun shines, turning to dark and gloomy when the sky is overcast.

One of the most remarkable facts about water is its power to carry silt or finely divided soil in suspension. This is the origin of the characteristic colour of the water in rain-fed tanks. This colour varies with the nature of the earth in the catchment area and is most vivid immediately after a fresh inflow following rain. Swiftly flowing water can carry rarely large and heavy particles. The finest particles, however, remain floating within the liquid in spite of their greater density and are carried to great distances. Such particles are, of course, extremely small, but their number is also great, and incredibly large amounts of solid matter can be transported in this way. When silt-laden water mixes with the salt water of the sea there is a rapid precipitation of suspended matter. This can be readily seen when one travels by steamer down a great river to the deep sea. The colour of the water changes successively from the muddy red or brown of silt through varying shades of yellow and

the process by which the colour of the water is made to reflect the nature of the bottom.

green finally to the blue of the deep sea. That green tracts of land have been formed by silt thus deposited is evident on an examination of the soil in alluvial areas. Such land, consisting as it does of finely divided matter, is usually very fertile.

The flow of water has undoubtedly played a great part and a beneficent one in the geological processes by which the soil on the earth's surface has been formed from the rocks of its crust. The same agency, however, under appropriate conditions, can also play a destructive part and wash away the soil which is the foundation of all agriculture, and if allowed to proceed unchecked can have the most disastrous effects on the life of the country. The problems of soil erosion is one of the serious import in various countries and especially in many parts of India. The conditions under which it occurs and the measures by which it can be checked are deserving of the closest study. Soil erosion occurs in successive steps, the earliest of which may easily pass unnoticed. In the later stages, the cutting up and washing away of the earth is only too painfully apparent in the formation of deep gullies and ravines which make all agriculture impossible. Sudden bursts of excessively heavy rain resulting in a large run-off of surplus water are the principal factors in causing soil erosion. Contributory causes are the slope of the land, removal of the natural protective coat of vegetation, the existence of ruts along which the water can flow with rapidly gathering momentum, and the absence of any checks to such flow. Incredibly large quantities of precious soil can be washed away if such conditions exist, as is unhappily too often the case. The menace which soil erosion presents to the continuance of successful agriculture is an alarming one in many parts of India, calling urgently for attention and preventive action. The terracing of the land, the construction of bunds to check the flow of water, the practice of contour cultivation and the planting of appropriate types of vegetation are amongst the measures that have been suggested. It is obvious that the aim should be to check the flow of water

at the earliest possible stage before it has acquired any appreciable momentum and correspondingly large destructive power.

Water is the basis of all life. Every animal and every plant contains a substantial proportion of free or combined water in its body, and no kind of physiological activity is possible in which the fluid does not play an essential part. Water is, of course, necessary for animal life, while moisture in the soil is equally imperative for the life and growth of plants and trees, though the quantity necessary varies enormously with the species. The conservation and utilisation of water is thus fundamental for human welfare. Apart from artesian water the ultimate source in all cases is rain or snowfall. Much of Indian agriculture depends on seasonal rainfall and is therefore very sensitive to any failure or irregularity of the same. The problems of soil erosion and of inadequate or irregular rainfall are closely connected with each other. It is clear that the adoption of techniques preventing soil erosion would also help to conserve and keep the water where it is wanted, in other words on and in the soil, and such techniques therefore serve a double purpose. It is evident, however, that in a country having only a seasonal rainfall an immense quantity of rain water must necessarily run off the ground. The collection and utilization of the water is therefore of vital importance. Much of it flows down into the streams and rivers and ultimately finds its way to the sea. Incredibly large quantities of the precious fluid are thus lost to the country. The harnessing of our rivers, the waters of which now mostly run to waste, is a great national problem which must be considered and dealt with on national lines. Vast areas of land which at present are mere scrub jungle could be turned into fertile and prosperous country by courageous and well-planned action. Closely connected with the conservation of water supplies is the problem of afforestation. The systematic planting of suitable trees in every possible or even in impossible areas, and the development of what one can call civilised forests, as distinguished from wild and untamed jungle,

is one of the most urgent needs of India. Such plantation would directly and indirectly prove a source of untold wealth to the country. They would check soil erosion and conserve the rainfall of the country from flowing away to waste, and would provide the necessary supplies of cheap fuel, and thus render unnecessary the wasteful conversion of farmyard manure into a form of fuel.

The measures necessary to control the movement of water and conserve the supplies of it can also serve subsidiary purposes of value to the life of the countryside. By far the cheapest form of internal transport in a country is by boats and barges through canals and rivers. We hear much about programmes of rail and road construction, but far too little about the development of internal waterways in India. Then again, the harnessing of water supplies usually also make possible the development of hydro-electric power. The availability of electric power would make a tremendous difference to the life of the countryside and enable rural economy to be improved in various directions. In particular it would enable underground water to be tapped to a greater extent than at present, and thus help to overcome the difficulties arising from irregularity or inadequacy of other sources of supply.

In one sense, water is the commonest of liquids. In another sense, it is the most uncommon of liquids with amazing properties which are responsible for its unique power of maintaining animal and plant life. The investigation of the nature and properties of water is, therefore, of the highest scientific interest and is far from an exhausted field of research.

ANNIE BESANT

Raja Man Sinha

As the isolated peaks tower above the sandy lands of Amer, so did the Lord of these wild tracts, the worthy scion of the Kutchwaha family, who trace their descent from the Sun itself, tower above his contemporaries even in the brilliant court of good and mighty Akbar ; his grand-father Raja Bihari Mal of Amer was the first to attach himself to Akbar, at a time when the horizon was yet overcast with the thick dark clouds. It was he who by his coolness in the face of danger excited Akbar's admiration, and by his ceaseless devotion won his love ; he proved that warm-hearted Indians, if lovingly treated, forget their own kith and kin to stand by the side of their friends true to their word, at once displaying manly contempt of danger, and boundless generosity, which are the characteristics of every true Rajput. This found an echo in Akbar's own unselfish and devoted heart, and the happy result was that Akbar's admiration for the noble Raja changed into a warm affection for the noble whole Hindu race, which swept away the icy barriers of custom and creed, superstition and dogma, and from the whirlpool of destruction raised the bounteous ^{fruitful} tree of right understanding, justice and tolerance. The cruel rule of the Ulemas, who thought it meritorious to spit into the mouth of a Hindu, was overthrown "the wall of the Kaaba broken, the basis of Qibla gone," as Faizi puts it, and Akbar turned towards the pulpit of light, whence flows the magic stream of divine wisdom, Theosophy or Din Ilahi, as it was then called. A rill from that spring of life entered Akbar's heart ; manfully he shook off the

deadening yoke of priest-craft, and established complete religious tolerance and dispensed even-handed justice. Love effected what all the invaders had never succeeded in accomplishing, and Akbar ruled over united India. He made India his own, Indians lived with him one life; Hindu generals fought his battles, and a Hindu prime minister enacted and worked out the laws of the land.

Like so many ^{decent out} ^{impartial} fateful incidents, the friendship between the Rajputs and Akbar was brought about by an insignificant occurrence. The governor of Narval (Majanu Khan) was defeated by Haji Khan, a general of Sher Shah, and had taken refuge in a small fort. Raja Bihari Mal, hearing that he was reduced to great straits, ^{gave him} ^{assistance} helped him out and sent him to Akbar with the guard of his own Rajput horse; the disinterested action of the Raja excited Akbar's admiration, who sent an Amir with an invitation to the Raja to come and spend a few days with him.

The Raja came at a time when Akbar was trying to control a mad elephant, a task requiring superhuman strength and cool-headed skill; soldiers and servants, dignitaries and eunuchs, were running in all directions; once the elephant turned towards the place where the Raja with his followers was standing, but there they stood calm and composed, erect and motionless, as if made of stone, in their places. Akbar managed to turn the elephant round, and leaping down he himself conducted the Raja to his own crimson tent, where he entertained him, and bestowed on him robes of honour, and such was Akbar's charm of manner that the Raja himself expressed a desire to join the court, which he finally did five years later. The valiant Akbar inspired the gallant Rajput with such admiration and devotion by his love of justice, by his chivalrous and knightly behaviour, that when, only a year after, Akbar asked the hand of a young Rajput princess, whom he had seen drying her hair on the top of her house, and in whose waving

and curly ringlets' he had left his heart ensnared, even the iron walls of Rajput pride melted away under the warm fire of love and the sister of Bhagwan Dass became the wife of Akbar; he went round the fire like a devout Hindu, and henceforth Rajput were proud to serve under his banner, which became their own; they went willingly to death for Akbar, and fought for him in Kabul, Arakan and Khorasan.

The marriage festivities were hardly over, when the new arrived that Prince Hussain Mirza had rebelled and joined Ikhtiar Ulmulk, and that the insurgent chiefs were besieging the fort in which Mirza Amir Koka, the Viceroy, had taken refuge. Akbar rose like a falcon, and in nine days he was at the banks of Tapti, where he stopped to refresh himself, a small band of Rajput horse and few other trusty Chiefs being all that he had with him. He sent word to Mirza Amir Koka, whom he expected to force his way through the besieging army, but, as Mirza did not show any signs of life, gallant Akbar impatiently forded the river and appeared before the besieging army. Hussain Mirza could not believe that Akbar himself was with this small band and came forward to beat them back. Man Sinha, son of Bhagwan Das, in whose veins surged the blood of knightly Rajputs and whose heart expanded as the lotus expands in the sunbeam, solicited the honour of leading the van. "Let us keep together," said Akbar. "We have no army to divide." "However," said Man, "I must push on a few steps before your Majesty," and the gallant Prince fell sword in hand on the enemy, nor did Akbar and Raja Bhagwan Das linger behind, but urged their panting horses onward. Their swords sparkled like lightning amid Hussain Mirza's army and, as the sun disperses the darkness of night, so did the glittering swords of Akbar's small band disperse the dark clouds of Hussain Mirza's army. Poor Mirza himself turned to flee, but became entangled in a cactus hedge, and was brought bareheaded before Akbar: "Who took you prisoner?" gently asked Akbar. "Your salt, sir," said the Mirza.

Ikhtiar Ulmulk, when he saw the retreating army of Hussain Mirza, was so frightened that he turned to flee, but the fateful hedge took him prisoner, and his head was cut off by one of the soldiers and brought before Akbar; his army vanished like mist, and victorious Akbar returned again to his capital.

Kunwar Man Sinha, on his way back from Sholapur, invited himself to the Rana of Udaipur, the famous Pratap. The Rana received him with great formality and a feast was prepared on the bank of the lake, but when Man Sinha sat to dine, the Rana did not appear at the table. On Man Sinha protesting that he would not take anything unless the Rana himself appeared, the Rana sent word that he would not sit to dine with a man who had allowed his aunt to be given in marriage to a Turk, and asked Man to waive ceremony and dine.

Man Sinha, fired with indignation, rose; he offered a few grains of rice to the Devi of grain, placed a few grains in his turban, and then mounted his horse, and turning to the Rana who had now appeared; said: "It was to protect your honour that we disregarded ours, but if I do not humble your pride call me not Man Sinha."

"I shall be always happy to meet you," said gallant Pratap.

"Pray bring your uncle (Akbar) as well," added a Rajput follower of the Rana.

When Raja Man was gone, the Rana had the ground dug up and lustrated with the waters of Ganga, while he himself bathed in the lake and changed his clothes, as if the very presence of Man Sinha were polluting.

All this was reported to Akbar, who thought it unwise of Man to have risked this disgrace, but dreading the renewal of the old Rajput prejudice, which he hoped had vanished, he sent a big army under the command of his own son Salim (Jehangir) with Man Sinha, Mohabat Khan, as leaders, to teach obedience to the proud Rana.

Man Sinha, in whose heart ^{gave constant Pain} rankled the affront offered him by the Rana, darted on him like a famished lion, but the Rana had chosen his position admirably ; he had taken his stand at the famous path of Kamel Meer, which was surrounded for miles round with beetling cliffs and yawning chasms, guarded by intricate ^{narrow passes} defiles and situated at the foot of a pass leading over into a still more inaccessible retreat. The Bhils showered arrows like rain on the advancing army, but the valiant Man marched steadily on till he reached the place where the Rana was waiting, and there he posted the imperial battalion, which soon began to emit fire ; by chance a shell dropped where the Rana was holding his Council ; the soul of gallant Rajput revolted at the idea of perishing ingloriously by a distant blow : he rejected all the plans which he had formed and dashed forward and fell on the imperial army with a small band of Rajput horse. Like a flame in a dry forest he cleared his way as he pushed onward, till his brave steed planted its foot on Jehangir's elephant. Akbar would have lost his heir had not the elephant ^{waterway} bolted. Though wounded and covered with blood, the Rana urged his horse after it ; Maulvi Badaoni, the historian, who had accompanied the expedition prompted by a desire to acquire merit by colouring his sword with the blood of "infidels," and who was in the habit of saying that the repentance of a person who fled from the holy war was never accepted forgot all his learning and fled headlong to the plains. It was then that Man Sinha arrived and rallied forces ; the Rana darted like a falcon on Man Sinha and speared the driver of his elephant ; Man Sinha promptly took the driver's place, and urged his elephant onward ; gallant Partap was now hard pressed, but he disdained to fly and lower his crimson banner, which still proudly fluttered in the air. He would have been taken prisoner had not the Chief of Jhala appeared and seized the banner ; the Rana wheeled round and dashed through the serried ranks of the enemy, while the Chief of Jhala sacrificed himself to save his

leader ; the imperial army was victorious, but not one Rajput survived to stain the yellow ^{purpale} mantle by inglorious surrender.

When Man Sinha returned he was received with great honour, and entered the town through a triumphant line of nobles and elephants and was ^{welcomed} greeted by troops of lancers who moved to the sound of the martial drum ; Akbar addressed him as son, and appointed him Commander-in-Chief of the imperial army.

In the meantime, some malcontents in Bengal invited Mirza Muhammad Hakim, ^{half-}brother of Akbar and Viceroy of Kabul, to march and take Delhi. The foolish prince eagerly entered into an alliance with the rebellious nobles of Bengal, and immediately set out and appeared near Peshawar. Yusuf Khan, the Governor of Peshawar, sat idly in his fort and allowed the Mirza to advance. Vigilant Akbar heard what had happened, and appointed Raja Man Sinha to check the further advance of the Mirza. Man Sinha marched with such rapidity that the Mirza had hardly time to cross the Indus, when he found the iron wall of Rajput cavalry before him.

Shadman, the foster brother of Mirza, who commanded the van, though surprised at the appearance of the imperial army, resolved to give battle ; he fell bravely on the van of Man Sinha's army and the work of destruction began ; but Rajput swords emitted fire and at last the Afghan army turned to flee. But valiant Shadman disdained to turn back ; spear in hand, he urged his panting horse forward all alone ; Man Sinha's heart leaped with admiration, and he promptly commanded his Rajputs to stop, and sent his own nephew Raja Suraj Sinha to meet him in single combat. The youthful Prince asked Shadman to strike first ; the gallant Afghan raised his sword ; it flashed and came down, but the young Raja ^{turned aside} parried the blow with such skill that Shadman's sword dropped on the ground while that of the Raja only stopped at his saddle, cleaving in twain, and Shadman fell.

Mirza Muhammad Hakim himself advanced to avenge his foster brother but such was Akbar's love of peace and clemency, that though he heard the news of the success of his army with thankfulness, he sent strict orders to Man Sinha to retire before the advancing Mirza, for said Akbar: "A child can be replaced, but a brother once lost can never be regained." The result was that the Mirza came up to the walls of Lahore, and attempted to take it, but the attack was repulsed with such success by Man Sinha that the Mirza did not venture to show his face again, and hearing that Akbar himself was coming to Lahore he hastily retreated and did not stop till he was on the other side of the Indus. Man Sinha again marched slowly after him, for he had strict orders to let the Mirza cross the Indus in safety. *a fortable can for papers*
 Man Sinha now discovered some letters in Shadman's portfolio, *involving* implicating some nobles of the court, while one was supposed to be from the Shah of Turan. Man Sinha sent these letters to Akbar and their *subject matter* contents aroused his anger, and he promptly joined Man Sinha and resolved to suppress the rebellion before it broke out in a general conflagration. Notwithstanding all that had happened, he once again offered to the Mirza a rich province and chief command in the army, if he would show sincere repentance for the past and bind himself by oath for the future, and send his sister to the imperial court. However, the seed of this *above petty passions* magnanimity fell on bad ground for Muhammad Hakim, to whose standard now Afghans had begun to flock, thought of his strong position and dreamed of an independent kingdom in Kabul. Then, as a last resort Akbar commanded Man "to teach the Mirza to tread more diligently the path of obedience."

The Mirza, who had gained heart again, for the Afghans had succeeded in defeating *several* sundry detachments and plundering the imperial treasures, came forward to give battle to Man Sinha, seven miles from Kabul, saying that if he turned away from

pulse-eating Hindus, "how could he show his blackened face in Afghanistan again." The two armies met and the battle began to rage with great fury; the imperial forces, who from the very beginning dreaded the cold and hardships of Kabul, began to move backward. Man Sinha, who was watching from a commanding position the course of events, noticed it, and fell on the enemy with such fury with his own Rajput horse, that the Afghans turned and fled from the field in disorder. Victorious Man entered Kabul, preceded by martial music. ^{blat or rub out}

Mirza Hakim now at last threw himself on Akbar's ^{mercies} mercy; the gracious Akbar so far effaced himself as to dispense with the personal humiliation of his brother. He gave him ^{write} Kabul back again, though he left Man Sinha there "to exhort Mirza to glorify himself with the inner and outer splendour of fidelity."

Had it not been for Man Sinha and his Rajput cavalry, Akbar would have lost Kabul, for many of the commanders were against the Kabul war, fearing its great hardships. The promptness of Man Sinha stood in such contrast with the unwilling advance of the imperial forces, that Akbar determined to secure the services of the gallant Rajput for his successors, and accordingly, Prince Salim married Man Sinha's sister with much splendour. ^{tremendous; adapted to state fear}

In the meanwhile, Mirza Muhammad Hakim expired under the load of manifold anxieties. Man Sinha promptly took charge of the Mirza's family, obtained the submission of the formidable Farid-ud-din, who wanted to escape to Turan, and quickly established a network of armed men all over Kabul, so that even Abdulla, king of Turan, who wanted to take advantage of the confusion in Kabul, stopped away, while Kabul remained extremely quiet, and Man Sinha ^{halled} escorted the Mirza's family to Agra. Akbar, with whom to reward fidelity was a joyous work, bestowed the government of Kabul on Man Sinha, and everyone of his adherents, who had with him drunk

the bitter draughts of distress, reaped with him also abundant joy from the munificence of the royal hand. *bountiful*

After a short repose, the brave Rajput Prince returned to Kabul, and with a small band of Rajputs ruled over a country which nature has created a fastness, and where dwelt mighty leaders whom it was no easy task to bring into subjection. He built small forts all over the country, a measure which so far broke the power of the tribes, that they showed no signs of their old turbulent spirit, but contented themselves by complaining to Akbar that Raja's followers oppressed them, and that he was slack in doing them justice.

When order was fully established, Akbar recalled the Raja, and sent him to the eastern provinces to subdue the rebellious Afghans and Pathans of Bengal.

To subdue sundry Chiefs was an easy task for a man who had vanquished the Afghans in their own country, so within a year all Bengal was brought under submission. But gallant Man burned with a perpetual thirst for action, so he marched on Orissa, where still the descendants of Sher Shah ruled supreme, and drove away the 10,000 Mughals and 20,000 Pathans who still held the country. He reduced to obedience the surrounding Chiefs, and compelled them to sign tributary engagements; even the Raja of Kuch Behar, who had a standing army of about 6 lakhs of soldiers, 700 elephants and numerous armed boats, came to his camp to make submission. To commemorate reunited Bengal he laid the foundation of a town at the very place which Sher Shah had reserved for his pleasure grounds, and soon a beautiful town sprang up, with regular well-watered streets, overflowing with merchants, resounding with delightful music, embellished with palaces whose domes held up their heads to the skies. *move about/hang the*

Man Sinha returned from Bengal to hover round the bed of his beloved and dying Sovereign. Those who surrounded him once had all passed into darkness. Abulfazl and Faizi,

Todar Mal and Hakim Human and many others of leading names were no more. There lay Akbar in his solitary bed, fast sinking in death. *ardour, zeal* *to human indignity*

The mighty Akbar is no more : cold lies the heart of the lofty dreamer which once throbbed with fervour for the welding of nations ; his body is lying in a room covered with a white sheet ; a Maulvi is counting his beads beside him, while two or three Maulvis read the Quran in the usual way.

With Akbar's death the old order changed and Man Sinha's career came to a close, though Jehangir sent him along with other nobles to Dekkan, evidently to keep him away from himself, for Jehangir in his memoirs writes of him, as "one of the old sinners who surrounded my father."

The generalissimo, a man of Jehangir's own sect, started without any preparation, and at Bala Ghat the supplies ran short ; the country had been famine-stricken, so they could not be replenished. The chief at last summoned a council to find ways and means, and expressed a desire to return for adequate supplies. Man Sinha stood up and spoke against the idea of a return, and asked them to be his guests for the time being. The Chief readily accepted, for he wanted to put to shame the boastful Raja : "How can he entertain the whole army?" remarked the chief, "he only wants to disgrace me."

But Raja Man Sinha was a man of words ; he immediately wrote to his wife, and trains of camels loaded with grain and provisions began to pour in ; his wife made such arrangements that when the camp was quitted they found a new camp set up for them at the next stage, with separate prayer-tents for Hindus and Muhammadans, fitted up with all the luxuries they were used to enjoy in the capital. It was not for a day or two that this was done, but it went on for four months, until Man Sinha's death. In A. D. 1645, he slept a sleep from which he awoke no more, leaving no foe to dread or admire him.

Brave, cool, skilful in war, wise and discreet in counsel,

behaving with Ceevum

pious and decorous' on all occasions, beloved by his Sovereign, and revered by the rest of the army, his name is written in gold and will shine for ever more.

MAHATMA GANDHI

At School

I must have been about seven when my father left Porbandar for Rajkot to become a member of the Rajasthani court. There I was put into a primary school, and can well recollect those days including the names and other particulars of the teachers who taught me. As at Porbandar, so here, there is hardly anything to note about my studies. I could only have been a mediocre student. From this school I went to the suburban school and thence to the high school, having already reached my twelfth year. I do not remember having ever told a lie, during this short period, either to my teachers or to my schoolmasters. I used to be very shy and avoided all company. My books and my lessons were my sole companions. To be at school at the stroke of the hour and to run back home as soon as the school closed, that was my daily habit. I literally ran back, because I could not bear to talk to anybody. I was even afraid lest anyone should poke fun at me.

There is an incident which occurred at the examination during my first year at the high school and which is worth recording. Mr. Giles, the Educational Inspector, had come on a visit of inspection. He had set us five words to write as a spelling exercise. One of the words was 'kettle.' I had mis-spelt it. The teacher tried to prompt me with the point of his boot, but I would not be prompted. It was beyond me to see that he wants me to copy the spelling from the neighbour's slate, for I had thought that the teacher was there to supervise us against copying. The result was that all the boys, except my-

self, were found to have spelt every word correctly. Only I had been stupid. The teacher tried later to bring this stupidity home to me, but without effect. I never could learn the art of 'copying.'

Yet the incident did not in the least diminish my respect for my teacher, I was by nature blind to the faults of elders. Later I came to know of many other failings of this teacher, but my regard for him remained the same. For I had learnt to carry out the orders of elders, not to scan their actions. <sup>to en-
courage</sup>

Two other incidents belonging to ~~the~~ ^{the same} period have always clung to my memory. As a rule I had a distaste for any reading beyond my school books. The daily lessons had to be done, because I disliked being taken to task by my teacher as I disliked deceiving him. Therefore I would do the lessons, but often without my mind in them. Thus when even the lessons could not be done properly, there was of course no question of any extra reading. But somehow my eyes fell on a book purchased by my father. It was Shrivana Pitribhakti Nataka (a play about Shrivana's devotion to his parents). I read it with intense interest. There came to our place about the same time ^{travelling} itinerant showmen. One of the pictures I was shown was of Shrivana carrying, by means of slings fitted for his shoulders, his blind parents on a pilgrimage. The book and the picture left an indelible impression on my mind. ^{It cannot be blotted out or effaced.} 'Here is an example for you to copy,' I said to myself. The agonised ^{now} lament of the parents over Shrivana's death is still fresh in my memory. The melting tune moved me deeply, and I played it on a concertina which my father had purchased for me.

There was a similar incident connected with another play. Just about this time, I had secured my father's permission to see a play performed by a certain dramatic company. This play—Harischandra—captured my heart. I could never be tired of seeing it. But how often should I be permitted to go? It haunted me and I must have acted Harishchandra to myself

any severe test or trial by fire
 times without number. 'Why should not all be truthful like Harishchandra?' was the question I asked myself day and night. To follow truth and to go through all the ordeals Harishchandra went through was the one ideal it inspired in me. I literally believed in the story of Harishchandra. The thought of it all often made me weep. My common sense tells me today that Harishchandra could not have been a historical character. Still both Harishchandra and Shravana are living realities for me, and I am sure, I should be moved as before if I were to read those plays again today. *blackhead; a dullard*

I was not regarded as a dunce at the High School. I always enjoyed the affection of my teachers. Certificates of progress and character used to be sent to the parents every year. I never had a bad certificate. In fact, I even won prizes after I passed out of the second standard. In the fifth and sixth I obtained scholarships of rupees four and ten respectively, an achievement for which I have to thank good luck more than my own merit. For the scholarships were not open to all, but reserved for the best boys amongst those coming from the Sorath Division of Kathiawad. And in those days there could not have been many boys from Sorath in a class of forty or fifty.

My own recollection is that I had not any high regard for my ability. I used to be astonished whenever I won prizes and scholarships. But I very zealously guarded my character. *not a mark of distinction; no reproach*
 The least little blemish drew tears from my eyes. When I merited, or seemed to the teacher to merit, a rebuke, it was unbearable for me. I remember having once received corporal punishment. I did not so much mind the punishment, as the fact that it was considered my desert, I wept piteously. That was when I was in the first or second standard. There was another such incident during the time when I was in the seventh standard. Dorabji Edulji Gimi was the headmaster then. He was popular among the boys, though he was a strict disciplinarian. He was a man of method and a good teacher. He had made gymnastics and

cricket compulsory for the boys of the upper standards. I disliked both. I never took part in any exercise, cricket or football, before they were made compulsory. My shyness was one of the reasons for this aloofness, which I now see was wrong. I then had the false notion that gymnastics had nothing to do with education. Today I know that physical training should have as much place in the curriculum as mental training.

I may mention, however, that I was none the worse for abstaining from exercise. That was because I had read in books about the benefits of long walks in the open air, and having liked the advice, I had formed a habit of taking walks, which has still remained with me. These walks gave me a fairly hardy constitution.

But though I was none the worse for having neglected exercise, I am still paying the penalty of another neglect. I do not know whence I got the notion that good handwriting was not a necessary part of education, but I retained it until I went to England : I then saw that bad handwriting should be regarded as a sign of an imperfect education. Let every youngman and woman understand that good handwriting is a necessary part of education.

PRECIS WRITING

Passages for Precis Writing

1. These merits we can look for, or at least hope for, in the Common Man (merit of distinguishing between essential and inessential in any given situation) in a modern civilized community ; but we must not expect too much of him. I seem to detect in a good deal of present-day writing a tendency to depict him somewhat more than life-size. There was once an Economic Man, and he turned out to be a figment. We must beware lest our Common Man may become a creature of romantic imagination. He has his manifest frailties. He is often the victim of his emotions. In situations which require not only dispassionate judgment, but close and sustained reasoning, he may be unequal to the effort. It is difficult for him to dissociate his judgment from his self-interest. Above all, when he merges into the Man of the Crowd, he is dangerously suggestible, especially under the mountainous impact of modern mechanical means of persuasion. He is neither a hero nor cad, and our calculations will err if we expect him invariably to behave as the one or the other. If I were looking for a far juster picture of him than I find in many political theorists, I should turn—again, no doubt, through personal predisposition—to the Average Reasonable Man of English Law. But that is another story—a story based on centuries of acquaintance with him in every conceivable relationship of life.

2. Emerson, over a hundred years ago, warned his countrymen in America not to imitate or depend too much culturally on Europe.....We in India do not have to go abroad

in search of the past and the distant. We have them here in abundance. If we go to foreign countries it is in search of the present, that search is necessary, for isolation from it means backwardness and decay. The world of Emerson's time has changed and old barriers are breaking down, life becomes more international. We have to play our part in this coming internationalism, and for this purpose, to travel, meet others, learn from them and understand them. But a real internationalism is not something in the air without roots or anchorage. It has to grow out of national cultures, can only flourish to-day on a basis of freedom and equality and true internationalism. Nevertheless Emerson's warning holds to-day as it did in the past, and our search can only be fruitful in the conditions mentioned by him..... There are countries notably in the British dominions which try to humiliate our countrymen. They are not for us...

We are citizens of no mean country and we are proud of the land of our birth, of our people, our culture and traditions. That pride should not be for romanticized⁷/past to which we want to cling on to, nor should it encourage exclusiveness or a want of appreciation of other ways than ours. It must never allow us to forget our many weaknesses and failings or blunt our longing to be rid of them. We have a long way to go and much leeway to make up before we can take our proper station with others in the van of human civilization and progress.

—*Pandit Jawahar Lal Nehru.*

3. The fact remains that conversation is a real art, and depends, like all other arts, upon congenial circumstances and suitable surroundings. People are too apt to believe that because they have interests in their minds and can put those interests into words, they are equipped for the pretty and delicate game of talk. But a rare admixture of qualities is needed, and a subtle conversational effect, a sudden fancy, that throws a charming or a bizarre light on a subject, a power of pleasing metaphorical expression; the communication of an imaginative interest to a

familiar topic—all these things ^{7/}are of the nature, of instinctive art. I have heard well-informed and sensible people talk of a subject in a way that made me feel that I desired never to hear it mentioned again ; but I have heard, on the other hand, people talk of matters which I had believed to be worn threadbare by use, and yet communicate a rich colour, a fragrant sentiment to them, which made me feel that I had never thought adequately on the topic before. One should be careful, I think, to express to such persons one's appreciation and admiration of their gifts for the art is so rare that we ought to welcome it when we find it : and like all arts, it depends to a great extent for its sustenance on the avowed gratitude of those who enjoy it. It is on these subtle, half-toned glimpses of personality and difference that most of our happy expressions of life depend ; and no one can afford wilfully to neglect sources of innocent joy, or to lose opportunities of leisure through a stupid or brutal contempt for the slender resources out of which these gentle effects are produced.

—A. C. Benson.

4. Since the essence of wealth consists in power over men, will it not follow that the nobler and the more in number the persons are over whom it has power, the greater the wealth ? Perhaps it may even appear, after some consideration, that the persons themselves are the wealthy—that these pieces of gold with which we are in the habit of guiding them, are in fact, nothing more than a kind of Byzantine harness or trappings, very glittering and beautiful in barbaric sight, wherewith we bridle the creatures, but that if these same living creatures, could be guided without the fretting and jingling of the Byzants in their mouths, and ears, they might themselves be more valuable than their bridles. In fact, it may be discovered that the true veins of wealth are purple—and not in Rock but in Flesh—perhaps even that the final outcome and consummation of all wealth is in the producing as many as possible full breasted, bright-eyed and happy-hearted human creatures. Our modern

wealth, I think, has rather a tendency the other way;—most political economists appearing to consider multitudes of human creatures not conducive to wealth, or at best conducive to it only by remaining in a dim-eyed and narrow-chested state of being.

But England among the national manufacturers may cast all thoughts of possessive wealth back to the barbaric nations among whom they first arose; and that, while the sands of the Indus and adamant of Golconda may yet stiffen the housings of the charger, and flesh from the turban of the slave, she, as a Christian mother, may at last attain to the virtues, and the treasures of a Heathen one, and be able to lead forth her sons, saying,—‘These are My Jewels.’

5. The ‘literal’ equality of men, in mind, body and attainments, is so manifestly contrary to experience and observation that no body nowadays would seriously maintain it as the foundation of democratic faith. Aristotle regarded it as the most fatal of fallacies, certain to deliver democracy into the hands of oligarchy or tyranny. Biologically, men are, always have been and probably always will be, profoundly unequal, and no society can ever hope to be so composed that every citizen makes as valuable a contribution to its corporate life as every other. The ‘mystical’ equality of men is a wholly different conception. It means that every citizen, of whatever capacity, is entitled to what a German jurist calls ‘consideration’ from all other members of society. Strong or weak, effective or non-effective he is to be regarded as deserving such opportunities of self-development as he is capable of grasping, or even sheer protection and subsistence if he is incapable, through natural defects or undeserved misfortunes, of maintaining any foothold for himself in society. This view, that the human being, merely because he is such possesses a quality which is worth safeguarding for its own sake is clearly a matter of faith, or hope, or charity, or all three. It cannot be justified on grounds of materialistic logic or expediency. If we were to govern society

on purely biological principles we should destroy or sterilize all our defectives and recalcitrants—as some, indeed, would have us do.

Except in the case of the most heinous offenders, who have themselves violated the sanctity of individuality and of whom it is necessary to make the extreme example, democratic instinct utterly revolts from any such drastic physiological decimation. Indeed, this instinct is so strong that we still hesitate to take from the victim of incurable illness and merciless pain his last spark of life. Our respect for human life is not based on horror or alarm at the physical extinction of an organism; the tragedies of accident and disease, grim though they are, we must accept, for life would be intolerable if we were for ever mourning them; indeed, we seem to regard with singular equanimity the deplorable wastage of life everyday upon our highways. The life which we respect is not merely the activating force of an animate biped; it is the quintessence of an individual creature.

6. All literature, from Job and Omar Khayyam to Thomas Carlyle or Walt Whitman, is but an attempt to look upon the human state with such largeness of view as shall enable us to rise from the consideration of living to the Definition of Life. And our sages give us about the best satisfaction in their power when they say that it is a vapour, or a show, or made of the same stuff with dreams. Philosophy, in its more rigid sense, has been at the same work for ages; and after a myriad bold heads have wagged over the problem, and piles of words have been heaped one upon another into dry and cloudy volumes without end, philosophy has the honour of laying before us, with modest pride, her contribution towards the subject; that life is a Permanent Possibility of Sensation, Truly a fine result! A man may very well love beef, or hunting, or a woman; but surely, surely, not a Permanent Possibility of Sensation! He may be afraid of a precipice, or a dentist, or a large enemy with a club,

or even an undertaker's man ; but not certainly of an abstract death. We may trick with the word life in its dozen senses until we are weary of tricking ; we may argue in terms of all philosophies on earth, but one fact remains true throughout—that we do not love life, in the sense that we are greatly pre-occupied about its conservation—that we do not, properly speaking, love life at all, but living. Into the views of the least careful there will enter some degree of providence ; no man's eyes are fixed entirely on the passing hour ; but although we have some anticipation of good health, good weather, wine, active employment, love, and self-approval, the sum of these anticipations does not amount to anything like a general view of life's possibilities and issues ; nor are those who cherish them most vividly, at all the most scrupulous of their personal safety. To be deeply interested in the accidents of our existence, to enjoy keenly the mixed texture of human experience, rather leads a man to disregard precautions, and risk his neck against a straw. For surely the love of living is stronger in an Alpine climber roping over a peril, or a hunter riding merrily at a stiff fence, than in a creature who lives upon a diet and walks a measured distance in the interest of his constitution.

—*R. L. Stevenson.*

7. What might Art do for society ? Leaven it ; perhaps even redeem it, for society needs redemption. Towards the end of the 19th century life seemed to be losing its savour. The world had grown grey and lacking passion, it seemed sedateness became fashionable ; only dull people cared to be thought spiritual. At its best the late 19th century reminds one of sentimental farce, at its worst of a heartless joke. But as we have seen before the turn, first in France then throughout Europe, a new emotional movement began to manifest itself. This movement, if it was not to be lost, required a channel along which it might flow to some purpose. In the middle ages such a channel would have been ready to hand, spiritual ferment

used to express itself through the Christian church, generally in the teeth of official opposition. A modern movement of any depth cannot so express itself. Whatever the reasons may be, the fact is certain. The principal reason, I believe, is that the minds of modern men and women can find no satisfaction in dogmatic religion; and Christianity by a deplorable mischance, has been unwilling to relinquish dogmas that are utterly irrelevant to its essence; it is the entanglement of religion in dogma that still keeps the work superficially irreligious. Now, though no religion can escape the binding weeds of dogma, there is one that throws them off more easily and light-heartedly than any other. That religion is art; for art is a religion. It is an expression of and a means to states of mind as holy as any that men are capable of experiencing; and it is towards art that modern minds turn, not only for the most perfect expression of transcendent emotion, but for an inspiration by which to live.

8. Education ought to teach us how to be in love always and what to be in love with. The great things of history have been done by the great lovers, by the saints and men of science and artists, and the problem of civilisation is to give every man a chance of being a saint, a man of science, or an artist. But this problem cannot be attempted, much less solved, unless men desire to be saints, men of science, and artists. And if they are to desire that continuously and consciously they must be taught what it means to these things. We think of the man of science or the artist if not of the saint as a being with peculiar gifts, not as one who exercises, more precisely and incessantly perhaps, activities which we all ought to exercise. It is a commonplace now that art has ebbed away out of our ordinary life, out of all the things which we use, and that it is practised no longer by workmen but only by a few painters and sculptors. That has happened because we no longer recognize the aesthetic activity as an activity of the spirit and common to all men. We do not know that when a man

makes anything he ought to make it beautiful for the sake of doing so, and that when a man buys anything he ought to demand beauty in it for the sake of that beauty. We think of beauty if we think of it all as a mere source of pleasure, and therefore it means to us ornament added to things for which we can pay extra as we choose. But beauty is not an ornament to life, or the things made by man. It is an essential part of both. The aesthetic activity, when it reveals itself in things made by men, reveals itself in design just as it reveals itself in the design of all natural things. It shapes objects as the moral activity shapes actions, and we ought to recognise it in objects and value it as we recognize and value the moral activity in actions. And as actions empty of the moral activity are distasteful to us, so should objects be that are empty of the aesthetic activity. But this is not so with most of us. As we do not value it, do not even recognize it or the lack of it, in the work of others. The artist, of whatever kind, is a man so much aware of the beauty of the universe that he must impart the same beauty to whatever he makes. He has exercised his aesthetic activity in the discovery of beauty in the universe before he exercises it in imparting beauty to that which he makes. He has seen things in that relation which is beauty before he can himself produce that relation in his own work, whatever it may be. And just as he sees that relation for its own sake, so he produces it for its own sake and satisfies the desire of his spirit in doing so. And we should value his work, we should desire that relation in all things made by man if we too had the habit of seeing that relation in the universe, and if we knew that, when we see it, we are exercising an activity of the spirit and satisfying a spiritual desire. And we should know also that work without beauty means unsatisfied spiritual desire in the worker: that it is a waste of life, and common evil and danger, like thought without truth or action, without righteousness.

—Arthur Clutton Brock

9. First of all, what is civilization? Its first essential character, I should say, is forethought. This, indeed, is what mainly distinguishes men from brutes and adults from children. But forethought being a matter of degree, we can distinguish more or less civilized nations and epochs according to the amount of it that they display. And forethought is capable of almost precise measurement. I will not say that the average forethought of a community is inversely proportional to the rate of interest, though this is a view which might be upheld. But we can say that the degree of forethought involved in any act is measured by three factors: present pain, future pleasure, and length of the interval between them. That is to say, the forethought is obtained by dividing the present pain by the future pleasure and then multiplying by the interval of time between them. There is a difference between individual and collective forethought. In an aristocratic or plutocratic community, one man can endure the present pain while another enjoys the future pleasure. This makes collective forethought easier. All the characteristic works of industrialism exhibit a high degree of collective forethought in this sense; those who make railways, or harbour, or ships, are doing something of which the benefit is only reaped years later.

It is true that no one in the modern world shows as much forethought as the ancient Egyptians showed in embalming their dead, for this was done with a view to their resurrection after some 10,000 years. This brings me to another element which is essential to civilization, namely knowledge. Forethought based upon superstition cannot count as fully civilized, although it may bring habits of mind essential to the growth of true civilization. For instance, the Puritan habits of postponing pleasures to the next life undoubtedly facilitated the accumulation of capital required for industrialism. We may then define civilization as: A manner of life due to the combination of knowledge and forethought.

—Bertrand Russell

10. Today I have confined myself to saying that training of the intellect which is best for the individual himself, enables him to discharge his duties to society. The philosopher, indeed, and the man of the world differ in their very notion, but the methods by which they are respectively formed are pretty much the same. The philosopher has the same command of matters of thought, which the true citizen and gentleman has of matters of business and conduct. If then a practical end must be assigned to a university course, I say it is that of training good members of society. Its art is the art of social life, and its end is fitness for the world. It neither confines its views to particular professions on the one hand, nor creates heroes or inspires genius on the other. Works indeed of genius fall under no art; heroic minds come under no rule; a university is not a birth-place of poets or of immortal authors, of founders of schools, leaders of colonies or conquerors of nations. It does not promise a generation of Aristotles or Newtons or Napoleons or Washingtons or Raphaels or Shakespeares, though such miracles of nature it has before now contained within its precincts. Nor is it content on the other hand with forming the critic or the experimentalist, the economist or the engineer, though such too it includes within its scope. But a university training is the great ordinary means to a great but ordinary end; it aims at raising the intellectual tone of society, at cultivating the public mind, at purifying the national taste, at supplying true principles to popular enthusiasm and fixed aims to popular aspiration, at giving enlargement and sobriety to the ideas of the age, at facilitating the exercise of political power, and refining the intercourse of private life.

It is the education which gives a man clear conscious view of his own opinions and judgments, a truth in developing them, an eloquence in expressing them and a force in urging them. It teaches him to see things as they are, to go right to the point, to disentangle a skein of thought, to detect what is sophistical,

and discard what is irrelevant. It prepares him to fill any post with credit, and to master any subject with facility. It shows him how to accommodate himself to others, how to throw himself into their state of mind, how to bring before them his own, how to influence them, how to come to understanding with them, how to bear with them. He is at home in any society ; he has common ground with every class ; he knows when to speak and when to be silent ; he is able to converse, he is able to listen ; he can ask a question pertinently, and gain a lesson seasonably when he has nothing to impart himself ; he is ever ready, yet never in the way ; he is a pleasant companion, and a comrade you can depend upon ; he knows when to be serious and when to trifle and he has a sure tact which enables him to trifle with gracefulness and to be serious with effect. He has a repose of a mind which lives in itself while it lives in the world, and which has resources for its happiness at home when it cannot go abroad. He has a gift which saves him in public, and supports him in retirement, without which good fortune is but vulgar, and with which failure and disappointment have a charm. The art which tends to make a man all this, is in the object which it pursues and useful as the art of wealth or the art of health, though it is less susceptible of method, and less certain, less complete in its result.

—*Newman.*

11. We tend to think wrongly not so much because we do not know the laws of logic as because there are obstacles in our minds which make us unwilling to think straight on certain subjects. These are our 'prejudices'. The uneducated man who has never heard of the laws of logic may come to quite correct conclusions on such a question, let us say, as the relative chances of drawing a red and black card by chance from a complete pack, where the facts are simple and the reasoning perfectly straightforward. On the other hand, the learned author of a standard text book on logic may be quite

unable to come to correct conclusions on a question in which his own interests are deeply involved, such a question, for example, as the economic justification of a kind of taxation which bears specially hardly on himself.

Education does not in itself save us from this disability. It ought to help us in the direction of freedom from prejudice, but it does not necessarily do so. Learned men are often as bound by their prejudices as any one else.

The learned man may defend his most unreasonable prejudices by arguments in correct logical form while the uneducated man defends his by illogical arguments. The difference is plainly not much to the advantage of the learned man. The fact that he can marshal formally correct arguments in defence of errors may make these more watertight against opposing arguments and against opposing experience. His mastery of the art of the thought may simply make his unreasonable opinions more unassailable.

Of course, you, being free from his prejudices, may see where the flaw lies in his reasons for holding the opinions, but the flaw may very well not be in the form of his arguments. It may lie in what he assumes, or in what facts he selects of all possible facts to consider. I do not wish to suggest that correct thinking on correct facts can lead to error, but only that there are other routes to error than lack of logic, and the most logical mind guided by its prejudices can and will find its way to error by one of these routes.

12. A change of supreme importance has now come over the world scene and that is, the Renaissance of Asia. The political problem, that is the achievement of political freedom, has certain priority because without it no effective progress is possible. But owing to the delay in the achievement of political freedom, the economic problem has become equally important and urgent. National freedom is thus the first essential in Asia and although most of the countries of Asia have achieved

this, some still remain under colonial domination. These relics of foreign rule will have to go, giving place to national freedom and thus satisfy nationalism, which is the pre-dominant urge of Asian peoples. Economic betterment of the vast masses of Asia is equally essential both from their point of view and from the point of view of world peace and stability. This will involve a progressive industrialization of these countries and in this the U.S.A. can play a vital role. There is another danger which is always to be borne in mind and that is racial discrimination and inequality. This is also a relic from the past which has no place today and is naturally resented by those who suffer under it.

✓13. The middle class is indeed in a tragic predicament. Its lot is to suffer and endure silently, for it has neither the resources of the rich nor the strength of labourers and peasants. It has social and economic obligations, but hardly any rights. In the struggle between capital and labour this important class is sadly neglected, and it is not realized that it is today on the verge of ruin. To add to its miseries, caused by the last war and partition, the cost of living is rising, and there is hardly scope for further economics. Nor is a lower standard of life a solution. The recent sugar and salt scandals in Calcutta have shown how helpless is the middle, and particularly the lower middle, class. Something must be done, without delay, to improve the lot of this educated, intelligent but hard hit section of the community. Well-planned employment and training schemes for rehabilitation should be put into effect. There is no room for complacency. Society or the State will not gain by driving it to desperation.

It is commonly supposed that India contains vast stores of unsuspected mineral wealth, easily discoverable by intelligent inquiry, and that officialdom has hitherto been over lax in exploiting it. Such notions appear even more widespread in Pakistan. They need severe qualifications. Both countries are

certainly rich in minerals. Important discoveries have indeed been made by non-officials—the report cites some—while in certain fields, notably oil, private companies have ampler specialist resources for survey than are available to Governments. But the major problem is not merely to find minerals but to find them in economically workable quantities, readily transportable to destination—an elementary distinction not always appreciated by amateur critics. While no human organization can claim to be perfect, and while all credit is due to individual entrepreneurs who have added to this sub-continent's wealth by private initiative, it can, we think, with justice be claimed that a very important part in progress is due to the technical services, the Geological Survey of India among them.

14. The importance of co-operation in the rural economy of the country, however, lies not so much in what has been accomplished so far, as on the hopes centred on it for the future. With the achievement of freedom, Governments, both Central and Provincial, are fired with enthusiasm to bring about a revolution in the countryside, in order to give our people decent conditions of life, namely, adequate and nutritious food, decent clothing, well-ventilated houses and the rudiments of education, sanitation and medical relief, by inducing them to take to improved methods of agriculture and subsidiary industries as spare-time occupation. The war with its high prices brought to our peasants increased money income, but it also brought with it the evils of short supply of essential commodities and black-marketing. Even in a controlled economy under scarcity conditions, co-operative societies can ensure for the farmer certain supply of controlled articles, though in limited quantities. When control disappears and normal conditions return, co-operation can play even a much larger part in raising the living standards of the rural population. By the provision of cheap credit, supply of more efficient agricultural implements, good seeds and

manure, and after harvest by marketing of his produce, the co-operative movement can be of considerable assistance to the peasant. House-building and cottage industries are other activities in which he may usefully engage himself. The movement can educate him to appreciate the value of co-operative farming which will enable him to enjoy, at the same time, the advantage of large-scale production and peasant-proprietorship. In the establishment of multi-purpose co-operative societies which cater to all economic needs of our villagers lies the hope of a fuller life for the masses of our people.

15. It would be for the U.N.E.S.C.O. seminar to say how the problem of arousing the interest of adults could best be tackled. The illiterate adult may not draw the three R's but otherwise he is quite a shrewd, mentally mature person generally. To present education to him in the way we would approach a child would be patently a mistake. The approach must needs be on an adult basis. Maulana Azad has said that what is planned is not a mere literacy drive. Social education is the goal and by that is meant a knowledge of the world which is made possible with literacy, a knowledge of improved crafts and modes of production, of hygiene in terms of the individual and the community and, above all, a training in citizenship to enable him to take his rightful and enlightened part in the democratic working of the government. It is a prime necessity but it only highlights the difficulty in finding the right type and number of teachers for the purpose. Already, as Maulana Azad has pointed out, there is difficulty enough in finding a million teachers for children but if there is to be another million teachers needed for adult education, they should also be capable of the task entrusted them. The plan of social conscription visualizes matriculates being made to teach for, say, a period of six months at least, but would they be the right type of teachers? There is again the point to be considered whether conscription would make those who have no desire for teaching to discharge their job properly. Boggled by

the financial difficulties, it is perhaps an easy way out to turn to conscription of teachers. But if adult education is to be really successful, we cannot afford to leave it to conscript teachers. That is a point on which the U.N.E.S.C.O. seminar will need to devote particular attention. Moreover, the approach to the problem in rural areas will have to be different from that the urban. There is another problem, namely, how a relapse into illiteracy is to be prevented. Forgetting a large part of what we have learnt, so long as what is forgotten are the unessentials, is itself part of the process of education. That, however, is a different matter. What is to be guarded against in the scheme of adult education is the possibility of discarding all the new-found knowledge, like water off a duck's back. The recommendations of the U.N.E.S.C.O. seminar will be eagerly awaited for a solution of these problems.

16. Citizenship goes far beyond voting, paying taxes, sitting on a jury, and the other duties expected by a nation from its members. Properly conceived, it involves all a man's actions which touch his fellow-citizens, and affect the health and well-being of the state ; it is almost co-extensive with his duty to his neighbour. It includes everything which the law requires but also many duties about which it is silent and which are left to the individual conscience. It is not passive, not mere abstention from uncivic conduct. It is active. "We regard the man who holds aloof from public duties not as 'quiet' but as useless." "Public life is a situation of power and energy ; he trespasses against his duty who sleeps upon his watch as well as he that goes over to the enemy." The ideal state is one where every citizen is determined to be a part of the community, to share its burdens, to put its interest before his own, to sacrifice, if need be, his own wishes, convenience, time and money to it. It is a machine of which no part is idle or inefficient, none rusted, broken or ill-fitting, in which each pulley and cog takes up its full share of the load, and plays its part in the swift and smooth

running of the whole. A man who evades his taxes is, so far, a bad citizen, but so is one who, in giving a vote for Parliament, thinks only of his private interests, or is too indifferent or lazy to vote at all ; so is the bad employer whose treatment of his employees is not only a breach of the moral law, but adds to the social problem of the country ; so are profiteers and the traders and clients of the "black market" : so are workmen who strike for some private interest when the existence of their country is at stake ; so is the man who would be useful in local government but evades the burden, not because he cannot, but because he will not, spare time.

✓17. A culture begins with simple things—with the way the potter moulds the clay on his wheel, the way a weaver threads his yarns, the way the builder builds his house. Greek culture did not begin with the Parthenon (a temple at Athens) ; it began with a whitewashed hut on a hillside. Culture has always developed as an infinitely slow but sure refinement and elaboration of simple things—refinement and elaboration of speech, refinement and elaboration of shapes, refinement and elaboration of proportions, with the original purity persisting right through. A democratic culture will begin in a *similar* way. We shall not revert to the peasant's hut or the potter's wheel. We shall begin with the elements of modern industry—electric power, metal alloys, cement, the tractor, and the aeroplane. We shall consider these things as the raw materials of a civilisation and we shall work out their appropriate use and appropriate forms, without reference to the lathe and plaster of the past.

To-day we are bound hand and foot to the past. Because property is a sacred thing and land values a source of untold wealth, our houses must be crowded together and our streets must follow their ancient illogical meanderings. Because houses must be built at the lowest possible cost to allow the highest possible profit, they are denied the art and science of the archi-

fect. Because everything we buy for use must be sold for profit, and because there must always be this profitable margin between cost and price, our pots and pans, our furniture and our clothes, have the same shoddy consistency, the same competitive cheapness. You know what a veneer is ; a paper-thin layer of rosewood or walnut glued to a frame-work of pine or deal. The whole of our capitalist culture is one of immense veneer : a surface refinement hiding the cheapness and shoddiness at the heart of things.

To hell with such a culture ! To the rubbish-heap and furance with it all ! Let us celebrate the democratic revolution with the biggest holocaust in the history of the world. When Hitler has finished bombing our cities, let the demolition squads complete the good work. Then let us go out into the wide open spaces and build anew.

18. I do not pretend that the most unlimited use of the freedom of enunciating all possible opinions would put an end to the evils of religious or philosophical sectarianism. Every truth which men of narrow capacity are in earnest about is sure to be asserted, inculcated and in many ways even acted on, as if no other truth existed in the world, or at all events, none that could limit or qualify the first. I acknowledge that the tendency of all opinions to become sectarian is not cured by the freest discussion, but is often heightened and exacerbated thereby ; the truth which ought to have been but was not seen, being rejected all the more violently because proclaimed by persons regarded as opponents. But it is not on the impassioned Partisan, it is on the calmer and more disinterested bystanders, that this collision of opinion works its salutary effect. Not the violent conflict between parts of the truth, but the quiet suppression of half of it, is the formidable evil ; there is always hope when people are forced to listen to both sides, it is when they attend only to one that errors harden into prejudices and truth itself ceases to have the effect of truth, by being exaggerat-

ed into falsehood. And since there are few mental attributes more rare than that judicial faculty which can sit in intelligent judgment between two sides of a question, of which only one is represented by an advocate before it, truth has no chance but in proportion as every side of it, every opinion which embodies any fraction of the truth, not only finds advocates, but is so advocated as to be listened to. —Mill

19. If the achievements of mankind are to be measured by the degree in which they have enriched human life, the greatest achievement in recent times is that whereby the keys of the realm of literature have been delivered to practically every member of the civilized world. We are so accustomed to it that we take it all as part of the ordinary course of nature, and we hardly realise the stupendous significance of the thing accomplished. We talk of the invention of printing which made it possible on the mechanical side. But we hardly realise all that was involved on the intellectual and spiritual side. Modern philosophers have shown us how the development of language itself is an epitome of the process of evolution. They have passed before us that vast periods of time during which our ancestors gradually evolved forms of speech. We may even imagine for ourselves that strange moment before the beginnings of history and yet in some ways the most wonderful moment that this planet has ever known, the moment when in the depths of a forest some uncouth utterance began to express something like a soul probably when its maker first became acquainted with grief. Close your eyes and you can see it also, that dark head bowed for the first time into the deeper night over the body of its mate or its young. There where the quick careless cries of its daily life were stopped and broken into something deeper, were born those first shapings of the breath which were one day to be developed into words of supplication and longing and were to cry the soul of man into those loftier regions which

the music of Dante and Shakespeare and Milton has revealed to him.

—*Alfred Noyes*

20. Economy is the rule of half-alive minds. There can be no doubt that it is better than waste; neither can there be any doubt that it is not as good as use. People who pride themselves on their economy take it as a virtue. But what is more pitiable than a poor pinched mind spending the rich days and years cultching a few bits of metal? What can be fine about paring the necessities of life to the very quick? We all know "economical people" who seem to be niggardly about the amount of air they breathe and the amount of appreciation they will allow themselves to give to anything. They shrivel body and soul. Economy is waste: it is waste of the juices of life, the sap of living. For there are two kinds of waste—that of the prodigal who throws his substance away in riotous living, and that of the sluggard who allows his substance to rot from non-use. The rigid economizer is in danger of being classed with the sluggard. Extravagance is usually a reaction from suppression of expenditure. Economy is likely to be a reaction from extravagance.

It is possible even to overemphasize the saving habit. It is proper and desirable that everyone have a margin; it is really wasteful not to have one—if you can have one. But it can be overdone. We teach children to save their money. As an attempt to counteract thoughtless and selfish expenditure, that has a value. But is not positive; it does not lead the child out into the safe and useful avenues of self-expression or self-expenditure. To teach a child to invest and use is better than to teach him to save. Most men who are laboriously saving a few dollars would do better to invest those few dollars first in themselves, and then in some useful work. Eventually they would have more to save. Young men ought to invest rather than save. They ought to invest in themselves to increase creative value; after they have taken themselves to the peak

of usefulness, then will be time enough to think of laying aside, as a fixed policy, a certain substantial share of income. You are not 'saving' when you prevent yourself from becoming more productive. You are really taking away from your ultimate capital ; you are reducing the value of one of nature's investments. The principle of use is the true guide. Use is positive, active, life-giving. Use is alive. Use adds to the sum of good.

21. It is no brute force but moral power that really commands predominance in the world, as Lord Haldane told the students of Edinburgh University in a famous Rectorial address. To enforce this lesson, he recounted the great story of Germany's rebirth in the nineteenth century. I shall repeat it to you almost in his own words. After the Battle of Jena in 1806, Germany was under the heel of Napoleon. From the point of view of brute force, she was crushed. In vain she shook at her chains ; the man was too strong for her. But there was a power greater than that of the sword—the power of the spirit. Germany was weak and poor. But she had a possession that proved of far greater importance to her in the long run. Beaten soldiers and second-rate politicians gave place to some of the greatest philosophers and poets that the world has seen for 2,000 years. These men re-fashioned the concept of the State, and, through their disciples there permeated to the public, the idea that the life of the State, with its controlling power of good, was as real and as great as the life of the individual. Men and women were taught to feel that in the law and order which could be brought about by the general will was freedom in the deepest and truest sense—the freedom which was to be realized only by those who had accepted wholeheartedly the larger ends in place of particular and selfish aspiration. The philosophers of Germany gave to their people the gospel of the wide outlook and the lesson that the people must live the larger life, be unselfish, helpful and reverent. A people in the depths of national despair were taught to be conscious of the greatness

of which human nature is capable. In science, in philosophy, in theology, in poetry, in music, the Higher Command was obeyed, and the subordinate leaders set to work, imbued with the same great ideas and animated by the same spirit. The result was the rule of the organizing spirit in every sphere. The leaders saw clearly that education was the key to all advance, and they set to work at it. It took sixty years to complete the task, but completed it was at last, with a thoroughness the like of which the world has hardly seen elsewhere. The German scheme of education is unrivalled as a triumph of the spirit of organization, except by that other wonderful outcome of scientific organization—the German army. When the lesson of self-organization is once learned by a people, it is not readily forgotten. Hence the German revival once again after the crushing blow of the last Great War. Thus, then, do nations rise from the depths of darkest gloom. Why then should we despair? The greatness of India is not dead. We should know that she is just hibernating and that when the winter has ended, she will live again.

22. Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field, as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget

what they did here. It is for us, the living rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us that from these honoured dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

23. Long ages afterwards history will judge of this period that we have passed through. It will judge of the successes and the failures—we are too near it to be proper judges and to understand what has happened and what has not happened. All we know is that there was a glory and that it is no more; all we know is that for the moment there is darkness, not so dark certainly because when we look into our hearts we still find the living flame which he lighted there. And if these living flames exist, there will not be darkness in this land and we shall be able, with our effort, praising him and following his path, to illumine this land again, small as we are, but still with the fire that he instilled into us. He was perhaps the greatest symbol of India of the past, and may I say, of India of the future that we could have had. We stand on this perilous edge of the present between that past and the future to be and we face all manner of perils and the greatest peril is sometimes the lack of faith which comes to us, the sense of frustration that comes to us, the sinking of the heart and of the spirit that comes to us when we see ideals go overboard, when we see the great things that we talked about somehow pass into empty words and life taking a different course. Yet I do believe that perhaps this period will pass soon enough.

Great as this man of God was in his life, he has been great in his death and I have not a shadow of a doubt that by

his death he has served the great cause as he served it throughout his life. We mourn him; we shall always mourn him, because we are human and cannot forget our valued master. But I know that he would not like us to mourn him. No tears came to his eyes when his dearest and closest went away—only a firm resolve to persevere, to serve the great cause that he had chosen. So he would chide us if we merely mourn. That is a poor way of doing homage to him. The only way is to express our determination, to pledge ourselves anew, to conduct ourselves so and to dedicate to the great task which he undertook and which he accomplished to such a large extent. So we have to work, we have to labour, we have to sacrifice and thus prove, to some extent at least, worthy followers of his.

24. The great characteristic of the House of Commons is that it is a deliberative and consultative chamber meeting together for the purposes of framing laws (if it considers any new laws necessary) which are to bind the whole nation, and of criticizing the Executive. It does not meet for the purpose of oratory, or to strengthen party organization, but to frame laws of universal obligation and to find fault with or support Ministers. This at once gets rid of the platform orator, and establishes the difference between public meetings and the House of Commons: It is no discredit to the public meeting or to the House of Commons to say that what will find favour with the one excites the disgust of the other, for the two have little in common. The object of a speaker at a public meeting is to excite enthusiasm and to spread his faith; but in the House of Commons his object is to remove objections, to state propositions in a way least likely to make reply easy, to show that a scheme is practicable and free from particular injustices, to handle figures with dexterity, and to avoid empty phraseology. There is nothing the House of Commons hates more than to be reminded of the purgatorial flames through which each member has had to pass in order to take his seat by the side of the Speaker; and there-

fore it is that the utterance in all innocence, by some new member of either party, of the cries and watchwords with which he was accustomed to enliven his electioneering speeches never fails to excite the angry groans of his opponents and the sarcastic smiles of his friends. Nor is there anything dishonest in this. There is a time for all things, and the House of Commons is before everything a deliberative and consultative assembly. Another marked characteristic of the House of Commons is its total indifference to outside reputations or great fortunes. Local magnates, manufacturers whose chimneys blacken a whole countryside, merchants whose ships plough the broad and narrow seas, speculators in cotton and in sugar, mayors and provosts whose portraits adorn town halls, whose names are household words in their own districts, lawyers so eminent that they will not open their mouths in the courts for less than a hundred guineas, need not hope to be received by the House of Commons otherwise than with languid indifference. If they prove to be bores, so much the worse; if they prove not to be bores, so much the better. If they push themselves to the front, it will be by Parliamentary methods; if they remain insignificant, it is only what was to be expected. Never was an assembly so free from all taint of mercenariness as the House of Commons.

25. The charges and the answers of Hastings were first read. The ceremony occupied two whole days, and was rendered less tedious than it would otherwise have been by the silver voice and just emphasis of Cowper, the clerk of the court, a near relation of the amiable poet. On the third day Burke rose. Four sittings were occupied by his opening speech, which was intended to be a general introduction to all the charges. With an exuberance of thought and a splendour of diction which more than satisfied the highly raised expectation of the audience, he described the character and institutions of the natives of India, recounted the circumstances in which the Asiatic empire of Britain had originated, and set forth the constitution of the

Company and of the English presidencies. Having thus attempted to communicate to his hearers an idea of Eastern society, as vivid as that which existed in his own mind, he proceeded to arraign the administration of Hastings as systematically conducted in defiance of morality and public law. The energy and pathos of the great orator extorted expressions of unwonted admiration from the stern and hostile Chancellor, and for a moment, seemed to pierce even the resolute heart of the defendant. The ladies in the galleries, unaccustomed to such displays of eloquence, excited by the solemnity of the occasion, and perhaps not unwilling to display their taste and sensibility, were in a state of uncontrollable emotion. Handkerchiefs were pulled out ; smelling-bottles were handed round ; hysterical sobs and screams were heard ; and Mrs. Sheridan was carried out in a fit. At length the orator concluded. Raising his voice till the old arches of Irish oak resounded, "Therefore," said he, "hath it with all confidence been ordered by the Commons of Great Britain, that I impeach Warren Hastings of high crimes and misdemeanours. I impeach him in the name of the Common's House of Parliament, whose trust he has betrayed. I impeach him in the name of the English nation, whose ancient honour he has sullied. I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose rights he has trodden under foot, and whose country he has turned into a desert. Lastly, in the name of human nature itself, in the name of both sexes, in the name of every age, in the name of every rank, I impeach the common enemy and oppressor of all."

NOTES

JOSEPH ADDISON

(1672—1719)

Joseph Addison is one of the greatest of eighteenth century English essayists. He was a keen observer of men and manners. He portrayed the whims and follies of the social life of his time. His style is clear, elegant, and graceful.

The Adventures of a Shilling

Born : Shillings were first minted about 1500.

Sir Francis Drake : (1540—1596) a great English sailor of the times of Queen Elizabeth. He was the first sailor to sail round the world. He plundered the Spanish ship and brought home much silver booty.

Templar : A law student belonging to the inner or Middle Temple.

Westminster Hall : A hall where the law courts were held.

Disinherited : A person who wished to disinherit his heir left him a shilling to show that he was not excluded through oversight.

Oliver Cromwell : Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of England from 1649 to 1658.

Monstrous pair of breeches : Wide Knickerbockers which Puritans used to wear.

Change of Sex : The shilling was perhaps minted again

between the death of Mary (1695) and the accession of Anne (1702).

"*The splendid shilling*" : a poem by John Philips, written in imitation of Milton.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

(1728—1774)

Oliver Goldsmith is a famous Irish man of letters. He contributed most of his essays to two journals—*The Bee*, and *The Public Ledger*. For the *Public Ledger* he wrote his Chinese letters, afterwards published as *The Citizen of the World*. He writes these letters as a Chinese would to one of his friends in China, commenting on English life. His writings are full of humour and tender feeling.

Doctors

Confucius : A great Chinese philosopher and moralist (550—478 B. C.). His maxims have helped to form the Chinese national character.

Electuary : Medicinal powder, mixed with sugar or honey.

CHARLES LAMB

(1775—1834)

Of Charles Lamb it could be said that the personal essay reached its perfection in his hands. His contributions to the *London Magazine* were published in book form as *Essays of Elia*. His style is inimitable—quaint, humorous, revealing the charming personality of the author.

Mackery End, in Hertfordshire.

Bridget Elia : stands for Charles Lamb's sister, Mary Lamb.

The rash king's offspring : Here the reference is to the daughter of Jephthah, one of the judges of Israel. Jephthah took a rash vow that if he won a victory over his enemies, he would sacrifice, on his return, the first thing he met coming out of his house. Unfortunately this was his daughter and only child. He allowed her to live for a period of two months to lament her unmarried state before her actual sacrifice.

To bewail my celibacy : in the same manner as the daughter of Jephthah lamented her state of virginity, without hope of becoming a mother.

Old Burton : A famous English divine (1577—1640).

Réligio Medici : a famous book by Sir Thomas Browne, a great writer of the seventeenth century.

Margaret Newcastle : (1624—1674). The duchess of Newcastle. She wrote a biography of her husband.

To beat up the quarters of : to make a sudden incursion into a person's house.

"Heart of June" : See Ben Jonson's *Epithalamium for Mrs. John Weston*.

"But thou.....creaton" : See Wordsworth's poem *Yarrow Visited* (lines 41—44).

The two scriptural cousins : Virgin Mary (the mother of Jesus Christ) and Elizabeth (the mother of John the Baptist). See Luke I, 39—40.

B. F. : Barron Field (1787—1846), a judge of the Supreme Court in New South Wales and later Chief Justice of Gibraltar.

The fatted calf was made ready : A splendid feast was arranged. Read the story of the Prodigal Son (See Luke, XV, 23—30).

A. G. GARDINER

(1865—1946)

A. G. Gardiner has written under the pen-name of "Alpha of the Plough". He was editor of the London Daily News from 1902 to 1919. He has written delightful essays, excelling in short sketches of eminent contemporaries in all walks of life. These he published in *Pillars of Society*, and *Prophets, Priests and Kings*. His essays written in an easy conversational style have been collected in *Pebbles on the Shore*, *Many Furrows*, and *Leaves in the Wind*.

On Courage

Flanders : a province of Belgium. From 1914 to 1918 it was the scene of the most severe fighting and the heaviest British losses of the World War.

Stalking : pursuing in a stealthy manner.

Bob Acres : a character in Sheridan's "Rivals".

in hot blood : in a moment of excitement.

Mark Twain : (1835—1910) Pen-name of Samuel Langhorne Clemens, an American humorist.

"Dizzy" : Benjamin Disraeli (1804—1881). British Politician and novelist.

H. BELLOC

(1870—1953)

Joseph Hilaire Belloc is a distinguished man of letters who has excelled as an essayist, historian, critic, biographer and novelist. As an essayist he has written in a delightful manner on a variety of subjects. His essays are mostly personal, reflective, narrative, and they unite in them the historian and the traveller, which above everything Belloc is.

Some of his important books of essays are : *On Some-*

thing ; On Everything ; On Nothing ; This and That ; Hills and the Sea.

On the Pleasure of Taking up one's Pen

Doctor Johnson : (1709—1784) The great lexicographer and writer, who for a number of years was the most prominent literary man in England.

G.W.R. : Great Western Railway.

Paddington : Metropolitan borough of London.

Monastic vows : vows taken by monks.

Charlemagne : (742—814) King of the Franks, and emperor of the West. He and his paladins are the subject of numerous songs the chief of which is the song of Roland.

Saeva Indignatio : indignation ; rage.

Allegro : one of the earliest poems Milton wrote. The Italian title means the cheerful man, and this idyll is an invocation to the goddess of Mirth to allow the poet to live with her.

SIR ARTHUR HELPS

(1813—1875)

Helps was a writer of versatile talents. He has been called "Poet, Essayist, Novelist, and Miscellaneous writer." In his writings there is strong evidence of reformist zeal. He sought to improve the lot of the poor by enlisting the interest of the cultured and influential people.

Two of his well-known works are *Friends in Council* and *Companions of my solitude*. This extract is taken from *Essays written in the Intervals of Business*, in which the author expresses the wisdom of his own experience. Throughout in the conduct of business he lays stress on ethical values. His style is simple and persuasive.

man of business : a man entering upon the practical

affairs of life.

world's entanglement : the intricate problems of the world.

correspondences are manifold : wisdom is related to goodness in many respects.

deeper interest.....cultivation : If the heart is interested in a subject it can improve your understanding also.

knowledge.....power : If power is related to knowledge, wisdom is related to goodness.

wished-for conjunction: calmness and hopefulness combined.

Metaphysical : dealing with mental phenomena.

Bacon : (1561—1626). A great English essayist and philosopher.

“full man”.....“ready man” : These quotations are from Bacon's essay, “Of Studies”. A “full man” means a person who has knowledge. A “ready man” means one whose intelligence is quick and who can make a ready use of his knowledge.

JOHN RUSKIN

(1819—1900)

Ruskin was a famous prose writer of the nineteenth century. He was keenly interested in literature, criticism and art. He was a rare genius with a remarkable critical faculty. Some of his well-known works are *Sesame and Lilies*, *The King's Treasuries*, *Seven Lamps of Architecture* and *Unto This Last*.

He was afraid of a certain deterioration creeping into life by rapid industrialisation, and made a searching analysis of economic motives. He pleaded that in industrial progress we should not ignore moral considerations. The present essay on “Commerce” shows the same moral spirit which pervades his other writings on the subject. His style shows a keen mind expressing itself in forceful prose.

Commerce

hops : hop is a kind of plant used in brewing. It makes the wine a little bitter.

Plato : A famous Greek Philosopher (B.C. 427—347).

First Napoleon : Napoleon Buonaparte (1769—1821).

conciisum propter duritiem cordis : It is a Latin phrase meaning "permitted on account of hardness of the heart".

Hydra : A water snake having many heads. Hercules, the Greek hero, in trying to kill this monster found that two heads sprang at the place where he cut off one head.

traditor : refers to a Christian who, to save himself, gave his holy books to his enemy.

bargain over the pottage : See Genesis XXV, 29—34. Esau and Jacob were two brothers. The former sold his birth right to the latter for "a mess of pottage". The father blessed the latter.

"the days.....at hand" : See Genesis XXVII, 41. Because the father blessed Jacob, Esau hated his younger brother. He means that after the death of his father he would kill Jacob.

incorrupt merchant : refers to Antonio in *The Merchant of Venice* by Shakespeare.

corrupted merchant : reference to Shylock, the Jew in the same play.

Portia : a rich lady who married Bassanio, the friend of Antonio.

in-lead : it refers to the casket scene in the play, *The Merchant of Venice*. The portrait of Portia was to be found in the casket of lead.

merces : Latin-wages.

G. D. H. COLE

(1889—)

G. D. H. Cole has been Professor of Social and Political Theory at the University of Oxford since 1944. Prof. Cole is a keen student of social conditions and has written of economic, social and political problems. His style is simple and lucid.

Capitalism : A system in which production is organised by men who hold capital.

Proletarian : a person belonging to the lowest rank of a social group.

Christian Socialists : A political party that tried to found a co-operative movement. The party was not powerful.

Hundred per cent American Paradise : using capital in concerns with small investments.

Joint stock company : a company with a common share capital. Such a company is legally constituted.

Patent : exclusive right of using an invention.

Adam Smith : author of a remarkable book the *Wealth of Nations*. A well-known Economist of the 18th century.

Limited liability : each member being responsible for the debts of the company, to the extent of his share in the capital.

Vickers : Short for "Metropolitan Vickers Ltd."—a company which manufactures heavy machines and engines.

Unilever : the name of a manufacturer.

Trusts : An organisation of producers uniting them so as to eliminate outside competition.

Combines : combination of persons so as to have an effective influence on trade or prices.

Cartels : The union of manufacturers.

Laissez-faire : a policy in which the Govt. gives freedom of individual action.

Capital appreciation : A rise in the value of capital.

Residuary profit : profits left out of account in calculating assets and liabilities.

Debenture : sealed bond of a company acknowledging loan on which there is a fixed interest till the principal is paid up. It is chargeable on the assets of the company.

Securities : Bonds or certificates showing debt.

Preference shareholder : There are two types of shareholders—Preference and Ordinary. The dividend is paid to preference shareholders first.

Gilt-edged securities : securities considered to be the safest investment.

Rentier : a person, with a fixed income from the stocks that he holds.

MAHATMA GANDHI

(1869—1948)

Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi—known popularly as Mahatma Gandhi—is of one the greatest men of the world of the present time. In his stress on moral and spiritual, as distinguished from material, values in life he ranks with such leaders of the world as Jesus and the Buddha.

This key-note of his character is his love of truth and non-violence. His writings show a transparent sincerity of soul. His style is simple, yet expressive.

Economic Versus Moral Progress

Rockefeller : John Davidson Rockefeller. A very rich man of America. He used his vast wealth for the good of society.

Carneigi : Andrew Carneigi, another rich man of America known for his charities.

St. Mark : one of the twelve apostles of Christ.

Commandments : Ten commandments or moral laws given

in the Bible.

Peter : The greatest of the apostles of Christ.

Nanak : (1469—1538). Founder of the Sikh religion.

Kabir : (1450—1518). A saint of India.

Chaitanya : (1458—1534) A Bengali saint, a leader of the Bhakti cult.

Shankaracharya : A great Hindu Philosopher of the 9th century.

Dayanand Saraswati : The founder of the Arya Samaj.

Ramakrishna : Rama Krishna Paramhansa, the teacher of Swami Vivekanand.

Mammon : The god of wealth. One of the fallen angels in Milton's Paradise Lost.

£. S. D. : Pound, shilling, pence—terms of money.

Wallace : H. R. Wallace (1823—1913), an English Naturalist.

JAWAHAR LAL NEHRU

Jawahar Lal
(1889—)

Nehru, the Prime Minister of India, is one of the three or four greatest statesmen of the world today. He is a man of culture with a wide range of interests. His writings show remarkable clarity of thought and he is acknowledged to be a master of English prose. In this essay he gives a picture of the economic background of India, which our students will read not without a feeling of justifiable pride.

The Economic Background of India

Vera Anstey : Professor of Economics at the University of London.

Napoleonic wars : Napoleon waged many wars against the countries of Europe from 1800 to 1815.

Adam Smith : (1723-90), author of *The Wealth of Nations*.
A famous English Economist.

English political revolution : The civil war in which Charles I was ultimately killed in 1649. It also includes the bloodless revolution of 1688.

American Revolutionists : Three national leaders of America who declared Independence in 1776. These were George Washington, Thomas Jefferson and Benjamin Franklin.

Bastille : a small fort attacked by the mob in 1789 during the days of the French Revolution.

George Third : (1738—1820). The king of England during whose reign the Americans declared themselves independent.

Elizabeth : (1533—1603). A great queen of England. There was a great development of English literature in her time.

Hampden : a great patriot who was a strong supporter of Cromwell.

Cromwell : Oliver Cromwell. Lord Protector of England. He led those on the side of the Parliament in the Civil War, which took place in the reign of Charles I.

Edward Thompson : a professor at Oxford. A friend of Tagore, who has written on Tagore.

NORMAN MCKINELL

Norman Mckinell is a modern writer. He has written some very delightful short plays. The present play is representative of the writer.

The Bishop's Candlesticks

Oak settle : a seat with a high back made of oak wood.

Crucifix : image of Jesus Christ pinned to the cross.

Marie : the maid servant.

Persome : the widowed sister of the Bishop.

Monseigneur : the title given to the Bishop.

Mon Dieu : My god.

Nin-compoop : a fool.

Salt-cellar : vessels for salt, put at the dining table.

Bailiff : a govt. officer, who realises rents and arrests people for non-payment.

Wolf : a symbol for hunger.

Ne'er-do-weel : a worthless person.

Holy Virgin : Mary, the mother of Jesus.

Jeanette : the wife of the convict.

Humpp : an exclamatory remark to show disbelief.

Chain-mates : prisoners living together.

Prisoner : refers to the Convict.

Gendarmes : the armed police.

A. A. MILNE

(1822—)

Alan Alexander Milne is a well-known English novelist, writer of light comedies and delightful books for children. He has a gift of humour and was for some time assistant editor of "Punch". As a writer of one-act plays he is very entertaining.

In this one-act play, Milne depicts the love of the Princess and the Woodcutter with delicacy and charm.

The Princess and the Woodcutter

faery lore : popular stories about fairies and supernatural beings.

the toiler's tan : the brown complexion of a hard worker.

bumpkin : a clumsy country fellow.

bark-scraper : one who chips off the bark of trees, woodcutter.

T. H. HUXLEY

(1825—95)

Huxley was an outstanding English scientist of the nineteenth century. He was a strong supporter of the theories of Darwin, and is known for his penetrating scientific research. He possesses a style which can make the problems of science simple and interesting to the reader.

In this extract he shows that scientific thinking is in no way different from the thinking of a layman. Only the scientist makes deductions in an exact manner with sufficient data.

The Method of Science

Beam set on a finer axis : the axis the knife-like edge on which the beam of the chemist's balance rest. It turns at the slightest change in weight.

Hypothesis : a thing which is supposed to be true.

Moliere : (1622—1673). A French writer who wrote comedies. Here the reference is to M. Jourdain in the play *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*.

Induction : a way of reasoning from the particular to the general. Deduction is the opposite process.

Law of gravitation : the tendency of bodies to attract one another.

C. V. RAMAN

Raman is a great Indian who has distinguished himself in the field of Science. Scientific research has always been the passion of his life. After strenuous toil and patience he won world fame. He has been awarded the Nobel Prize for Physics.

Raman is the director of the Bangalore Institute of Science. He writes on scientific subjects and as this essay shows he

writes in a simple and convincing manner.

Physics of the Countryside Water

Elixir : something which bestows on a person very long life.

Amrita : a drink of the gods. It makes a man immortal.

Libyan : adjective from Libya, a country in Africa.

Catchment area : a place where the rain water collects and flows out into a river.

Precipitation : a chemical process through which a thing dissolved in a liquid solidifies.

Alluvial areas : those where flood deposits earth and sand.

Geological processes : through which changes take place in earth's layers.

Erosion : wearing off of soil.

Contour cultivation : cultivation in fields at different levels, to prevent erosion of soil.

Physiological activity : the working of the organs of the body.

Artesian water : water obtained from the earth by boring wells.

Afforestation : planting trees on land to turn it into a forest.

Rural economy : organisation of life in villages.

ANNIE BESANT

(1847—1933)

Mrs. Annie Besant will always be remembered as one of those foreigners who have been most sympathetic towards the national aspirations of our countrymen. She was a leader of the Home Rule Movement and became President of the Indian National Congress in 1917.

This is an extract from one of her books, *Children of the*

Motherland. Here she describes the valour and prowess of a great Rajput, in her picturesque and forceful style.

Raja Man Sinha

Amber : the old capital of the State of Jaipur, a picturesque town, close to the modern city of Jaipur.

Raja Behari Mal : (of Jaipur). He offered the hand of his elder daughter in marriage to Akbar.

Faizi : was a famous scholar at Akbar's court.

Theosophy : A form of philosophic and religious thought.

Din-i-Ilahi : Akbar sought to preach it. Essentially liberal in character, it took the good points of most of the great religions of the world. Its vogue died with its author.

A Hindu Prime Minister : Raja Todar Mal.

Salim : the son of Akbar, later known as Jehangir.

Kamal Meer : Kamal Mer, the seat of Rana Pratap's government.

A shell dropped : The army of the Mughals used artillery.

Maulvi Badauni : A historian at the court of Akbar.

Yellow Mantle : Refers to the saffron clothes which the Rajputs used to wear when they were to make the supreme sacrifice with their lives.

Mirza Mohammad Hakim : A half-brother of Akbar.

Some nobles of the Court : There was a plot to dethrone Akbar. Shah Mansur was the chief conspirator.

Yuran : a place in Trans-Oxiana, ruled over by Akbar's forefathers.

Farid-ud-Din : a violent and quarrelsome person.

Dekhan : now known as "Deccan". It is said that Man Sinha died in the Deccan.

MAHATMA GANDHI

This is an extract from Mahatma Gandhi's autobiography.

At School

Porbander : capital of a small state of Porbander. It is situated on the Western coast of India.

Rajkot : capital of the state of Rajkot, in Saurashtra.

Shravana : a famous figure in Indian legend standing for supreme devotion to one's parents.

Itinerant : moving about from one place to another.

Concertina : a musical instrument with bellows and keys.

Harish Chandra : a mythical Hindu king, known for his truth and purity.